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Vol. XXII

JANUARY, 1919

No. 3



Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations, and the Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
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IMPROVEMENT ERA, JANUARY, 1919

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YOUR GARDEN GUIDE

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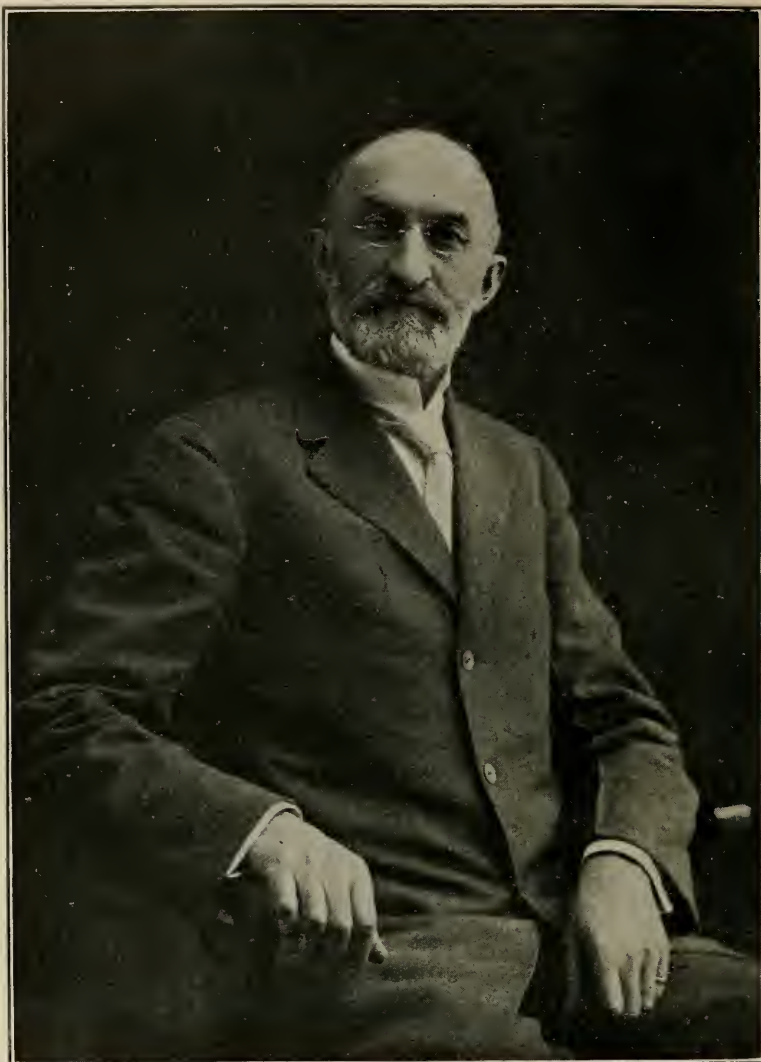
The stream of time has brought us to a New Year. Behind us, in the immediate past, lies a terrible darkness. The world has awakened from a nightmare of horror, the heart of civilization has been oppressed; and yet, in the darkness there was a lurid light of glory. Amidst the horror, men waited for the brightness of this dawn. Before us there now lies a future radiant in the sunrise of new hope.

And yet that hope implies a tremendous task. Reconstruction! From the ruins of warfare—upon the broken thrones, the desolation of lands—must be constructed the laws of true liberty, must be built anew the habitations of man, the halls of learning, and the temples of the soul. A new era must begin which shall have for its aim justice to, and the uplifting of, the humanity of the whole world.

That armistice which came upon the eleventh hour, the eleventh day, and the eleventh month of the past year, was it not a solemn warning, an admonition to the old regime? Let the hour of twelve strike with a Peace that shall be as a Reclamation of the Race. Let us reconstruct so that the era that shall come to pass will see that the hungry are fed, that the naked are clothed, that one law shall exist for the weak and the strong, the rich and the poor—liberty for all! Let us raise a structure fair and wondrous unto the minds and souls of men.

Let the course of this year, 1919, be memorable for the wisdom of its thoughts and deeds, let it shine brightly in the stream of endless time.

Alfred Lambourne.



PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

Born Nov. 22, 1856; ordained an Apostle, Oct. 16, 1882; became President of the Council of Twelve Apostles, Nov. 23, 1916; chosen and ordained President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Nov. 23, 1918.

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Reorganization of the First Presidency

Following the death of President Joseph F. Smith, on November 19, and his burial in the City Cemetery, November 22, 1918, the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was disorganized and the Council of Twelve Apostles became the presiding quorum of the Church. Since the death of President Wilford Woodruff, it has been customary to reorganize the First Presidency at the earliest date consistent following its disorganization.

After the deaths of Joseph Smith the prophet, and Presidents Brigham Young and John Taylor, considerable time elapsed before the First Presidency was again organized. Before President Woodruff's death, he expressed a desire that thereafter this condition should change, and hence, the First Presidency has since been reorganized without delay.

In conformity with that custom, a special meeting of the Council of Twelve Apostles convened in the Temple, Salt Lake City, Saturday morning, nine o'clock, November 23, 1918, for the purpose of reorganizing under the inspiration of the Lord, the presiding quorum of High Priests of the Church. There were present Heber J. Grant, Anthon H. Lund, Rudger Clawson, George Albert Smith, Charles W. Penrose, Orson F. Whitney, David O. McKay, Anthony W. Ivins, Joseph F. Smith, Jr., James E. Talmage, Stephen L. Richards, and Richard R. Lyman, also the Presiding Patriarch, Hyrum G. Smith.

Elder Heber J. Grant, president of the Council of the Twelve since Nov. 23, 1916, was unanimously sustained president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and was blessed and set apart for that position by President Anthon H. Lund.

President Grant then chose President Anthon H. Lund to be the first counselor in the First Presidency, and President Charles W. Penrose to be the second counselor. They were both set apart for their positions by President Grant.

President Anthon H. Lund, senior member of the Council of the Twelve, was sustained as president of that Council, and was set apart by President Charles W. Penrose.

Elder Rudger Clawson was sustained as acting president of the Council of the Twelve, and was set apart by Elder Orson F. Whitney.

President Grant was also sustained as Trustee-in-Trust for the body of religious worshipers known as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

President Heber Jeddy Grant,

Who was thus chosen to the exalted position of President of the Church, is the son of Jedediah Morgan Grant and Rachel Ridgeway Ivins. He was born on the 22nd day of November, 1856, in the Thirteenth ward, on the lot where the Z. C. M. I. is now located, in Salt Lake City, Utah. His father in his day was one of the most enthusiastic and most zealous workers in the Church; and his mother was one of the bright and noble heroines of Zion.

President Grant is the only son of his mother, but has a number of brothers and sisters who bear his father's name. He is the thirty-third apostle chosen in the Church, its seventh president, and the first man born in Utah who was chosen a member of the Twelve; also the first native son who has occupied the position of President of the Church. It is a strange coincidence that President Francis M. Lyman, whom he succeeded as President of the Twelve, and President Joseph F. Smith, whom he succeeds as President of the Church, were both buried on his birthday anniversary, the former in 1916, and the latter in 1918. He was chosen to succeed the former on November 23, 1916, and the latter, November 23, 1918, the day following his natal day, his sixtieth and sixty-second anniversaries respectively.

President Grant's first act in his new position will be hailed with great satisfaction by all the members of the Church—it was the choice of his counselors—the wise, the true, the tried and experienced leaders, Presidents Anthon H. Lund and Charles W. Penrose, men of unbounded integrity and stability of character, so well known that their names need only be mentioned to receive immediate and unanimous approbation.

With President Grant's force and determination, and with such men as his advisers, his administration will be noted for continued growth and development, not only in spiritual affairs, but also in temporal matters. Energy, perseverance and persistence are characteristic of his whole life, in whatever he undertakes.

He is pre-eminently a business man, but there is not a man in all the Church who has more regard for its spiritual welfare than Heber J. Grant. His admiration for and obedience to his brethren who have occupied the position he now holds have dominated his whole career. He believes implicitly in the inspiration of the Lord which has guided them in all their affairs. He is liberal to a fault, helpful, sympathetic, with heart and ears attuned to every righteous need and cause. As a business man, he not only promptly fulfils his promises and keeps his appointments, but aims to give value received for all he obtains; and as an employer treats all who work for him with liberality, respect and consideration.

His successful services on financial missions for the Church are well known. His energy, determination, and his belief in work as a winning virtue, are inspirations to all who come to know him. These characteristics are prominent in all the missions he has filled—secular and religious. Among the latter is one to Japan, and one to Great Britain and Europe, in both of which he presided over the missions. When he sets out to win, he is determined to obtain the goal, taking genuine pleasure in laboring to accomplish results. How he received his testimony as an apostle of Jesus Christ, was given in his stirring talk at the last October conference, and printed in the December *Era*.

It is so in all his efforts. When he once sets out to do a work, there is no relaxation until it is finished. He has implicit faith in the divinity of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, a faith founded more on the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, answer to prayer, and the goodness of God to him, to the Church, its leaders and members, than from any extended doctrinal study, or technical knowledge of its theology or philosophy.

What was said of him by the writer in a biographical sketch seventeen years ago, is even more characteristic of him today, for he has grown with the years in every noble quality named:

"Apostle Grant is tall, erect in figure, with prominent features which indicate energy and push. His desire to aid others has given him a disposition to feel for his fellows, and there is not a man in Zion with a more loving, helping heart than has Heber Jeddy Grant. One of his traits, which is worthy of emulation, is his determination to overcome obstacles and defects that stand in his way to the perfection of his character. When he discovers a fault in himself, he endeavors by persistent and continued effort, such as only few are capable of, to overcome. And thus his life is growing better as the years increase, and will continue until his ideal of perfection, which enlarges with his deeper knowledge, shall be reached. He has gained the love, respect and confidence of his friends and business associates; and the authorities of the Church impose in him the fullest trust. He is an active worker in the cause of God, and has learned to feel the keenest delight in his labors among the Saints. He loves the youth of Israel, and in his sermons frequently addresses his earnest remarks to

them. Associated with the Twelve, and with the general boards of the Sunday Schools and the Improvement Associations, he is constantly among the people, and his counsel and practical advice, in temporal as well as spiritual affairs, are eagerly sought.

"I asked him to say a word to the boys and girls who read this sketch—what he would say, in fact, if he could speak to all the children of Zion. In reply, he gave a sermon that will require all the days of your lives to live, but only a few moments to read. He said: 'I would say to them: Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' Seek for the light and inspiration of the Spirit of God to guide you in all the walks of life; be forgiving, be charitable. Never allow the acts of men to affect your faith in the Gospel. Remember that God says we should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and bring to pass much righteousness, for the power is in us wherein we are agents unto ourselves, that inasmuch as men do good, they shall in nowise lose their reward. In every vocation of life, try to get the Spirit of God to aid you in the accomplishment of your work. Try to make others happy, and to aid them in carrying their burdens in life, and you are sure of happiness, not only in this life, but in the life to come. Remember the words of Lord Bulwer Lytton:

"Dream, O youth. Dream nobly and manfully, and thy dreams shall be thy prophets!"

"Always be punctual, truthful and virtuous, and you will thereby insure yourself the love of God and of all good men."

President Grant's life is full of testimonies that God lives and answers prayer, that Joseph Smith is a prophet of God, and that the Church which he was instrumental in founding is divinely established by revelation from God the Father and his Son Jesus Christ.

As the burdens and responsibilities of his new and exalted position multiply upon him, President Grant will grow in ability and strength to bear them. All faithful Latter-day Saints will join in prayer and deeds to make his administration strong, progressive and pleasing and acceptable in the sight of our heavenly Father.—*Edward H. Anderson.*

The Written Word

The pen is mightier than the sword;
The written, than the spoken word:
The written, unborn ages sway;
The spoken, idly drifts away.

The written word hath wonders wrought,
Thrown open wide the door of Thought.
Truth filters through, and men can see
A revelation, prophecy.

Thought's storehouse never overflows,
No smaller is, for all one knows;
Outstretch thy hand, Thought's flowers are fair;
Pluck all thou wilt, no fewer there.

Lydia D. Alder.

Reminiscences of President Joseph F. Smith

By Charles W. Nibley, Presiding Bishop of the Church

The *Era* has asked me to write a few remembrances of incidents connected with my personal association with the late President Joseph F. Smith, while they are yet fresh in memory, and it is a pleasure to comply.

The first time I ever remember seeing Joseph F. Smith was in the then little village of Wellsville, in the year 1867. He was twenty-eight years of age, and had recently been chosen one of the Twelve Apostles. President Brigham Young and company were making a tour of the northern settlements, and the new apostle, Joseph F. Smith, was among the number. I heard him preach in the old meetinghouse at Wellsville, and I remarked at the time what a fine specimen of young manhood he was—strong, powerful, with a beautiful voice, so full of sympathy and affection, so appealing in its tone, that he impressed me, although I was a youth of but eighteen. He was a handsome man.

At that time I was clerking in a little store owned by Father Ira Ames, one of the old Kirtland veterans of the Church. Apostle George A. Smith was one of that company and he was entertained at Brother Ames' home, where I also lived. I recall that at the dinner table, Father Ames asked George A. who of the Smiths this young man Joseph F. was.

George A. replied that he was Hyrum's son; his mother, Mary Fielding Smith.

Brother Ames remarked that he looked like a likely young fellow, and George A. replied in about these words:

"Yes, I think he will be all right. His father and mother left him when he was a child, and we have been looking after him to try and help him along. We first sent him to school, but it was not long before he licked the schoolmaster, and could not go to school. Then we sent him on a mission, and he did pretty well at that. I think he will make good as an apostle."

Some years ago I related this incident to President Smith, and he told me that the reason he had trouble with the schoolmaster was that the schoolmaster had a leather strap with which he used to chastise the children. He was a rather hard-hearted schoolmaster, one of the olden type that believed in inflicting bodily punishment.

President Smith said: "My little sister was called up (Aunt Martha, now living in Provo) to be punished. I saw the school-master bring out the leather strap, and he told the child to hold out her hand. I could not stand for that. I just spoke up loudly and said, 'Don't whip her with that,' and at that he came at me and was going to whip me, and instead of him whipping me, I licked him good and plenty."

At the time of this incident, Joseph F. (for by that name he was affectionately called) was about fifteen years of age. But he was a strong, powerful youth, and his big heart could not tolerate such punishment, especially if it bordered on the cruel, to be inflicted upon a little child.

Another incident which I have heard him relate which shows his courage and integrity, occurred when he was returning from his mission to the Sandwich Islands, in the fall of 1857. He came home by way of Los Angeles, by what was called the Southern Route. In that year Johnston's Army was on the move for Utah, and naturally enough there was much excitement and bitterness of feeling concerning the "Mormons." In southern California, just after the little train of wagons had traveled only a short distance and made their camp, several anti-"Mormon" toughs rode into the camp on horseback, cursing and swearing and threatening what they would do to the "Mormons." Joseph F. was a little distance from the camp gathering wood for the fire, but he saw that the few members of his own party had cautiously gone into the brush down the creek, out of sight. When he saw that, he told me, the thought came into his mind, "Shall I run from these fellows? Why should I fear them?" With that he marched up with his arm full of wood to the campfire where one of the ruffians, still with his pistol in his hand, shouting and cursing about the "Mormons," in a loud voice said to Joseph F.,

"Are you a 'Mormon'?"

And the answer came straight, "Yes, sir, true blue, through and through."

At that the ruffian grasped him by the hand and said, "Shake, young fellow, I am glad to see a man that stands up for his convictions."

These incidents show the inherent bravery, courage, integrity, of the man, and also tenderness and pity for the little helpless sister. These are the qualities upon which great men are builded.

In the spring of 1877, I was called to accompany President Smith on a mission to Europe. I was called by him to labor in the business affairs of the Liverpool office, and from that time until the day of his death, I think I have enjoyed his personal confidence more than any man living. When I look back on it

all now, I can see what a treasure, a blessing, a favor from the Almighty it has been to me.

During the last eleven years, especially, I have traveled with him almost constantly whenever he has gone from home. I have been with him on three different trips to Europe, including the first missionary trip above mentioned, and on four trips to the Sandwich Islands. Everywhere, and on all occasions, I have found him the same great, brave, true-hearted, noble and magnificent leader, so simple and unaffected, so entirely democratic and unassuming.

He was always careful with his expenditures, too. He abhorred debt, and no man have I ever known who was so prompt to pay an obligation to the last penny. He could not rest until the Church was out of debt, and though hundreds of schemes, and many of them extra good schemes, too, were presented to him, which no doubt would have meant an increase of wealth for the Church, yet he resolutely set his face against debt; and would not, under any conditions or circumstances involve the Church in that way. Neither would he himself become involved in debt in his own individual affairs, but persistently stuck to the old motto, "Pay as you go."

Many of the older people now alive can recall that forty years ago, or even less, he was considered a radical, and many a one of that time shook his head and said, "What will become of things if that fiery radical ever becomes president of the Church?" But from the time he was made president of the Church, and even before that time, he became one of the most tolerant of men; tolerant of others' opinions, and while he would denounce sin with such righteous wrath as you would seldom see in any man, yet for the poor sinner he had compassion and pity, and even forgiveness, if sincere repentance were shown. None more ready than he to forgive and forget.

One touching little incident I recall which occurred on our first trip to the Sandwich Islands. As we landed at the wharf in Honolulu, the native Saints were out in great numbers with their wreaths of *leis*, beautiful flowers of every variety and hue. We were loaded with them, he, of course, more than anyone else. The noted Hawaiian band was there playing welcome as it often does to incoming steamship companies. But on this occasion the band had been instructed by the Mayor to go up to the "Mormon" meetinghouse and there play selections during the festivities which the natives had arranged for. It was a beautiful sight to see the deep-seated love, the even tearful affection that these people had for him. In the midst of it all I noticed a poor old blind woman, tottering under the weight of about ninety years, being led in. She had a few choice bananas in her hand. It was her all—her offering. She was calling, "Iosepa,

Iosepa." Instantly, when he saw her, he ran to her and clasped her in his arms, hugged her, and kissed her over and over again, patting her on the head saying, "Mama, Mama, my dear old Mama."

And with tears streaming down his cheeks he turned to me and said, "Charlie, she nursed me when I was a boy, sick and without anyone to care for me. She took me in and was a mother to me."

Oh, it was touching—it was pathetic. It was beautiful to see the great, noble soul in loving tender remembrance of kindness extended to him, more than fifty years before; and the poor old soul who had brought her love offering—a few bananas—it was all she had—to put into the hand of her loved Iosepa!

On these ocean trips there was much spare time, and we often whiled away an hour or two playing checkers. He could play a good game of checkers, much better than I. In fact, he could beat me four times out of five, but once in a while, when I played more cautiously, and no doubt when he was more careless, I could beat him. If he was beating me right along and I made an awkward move, and could see instantly that I had moved the wrong checker, he would allow me to draw it back if I noticed it immediately; but on the other hand, if I had beaten him for a game or two and should put my finger on a checker to draw it back, even though it were on the instant, he would call out with force enough, and in that positive way of his, "No you don't, you leave it right there." It is in these little incidents that we show the human side of our natures.

He loved sport—manly sport. He was a natural athlete; and in his youth at foot-racing, jumping, wrestling, which were among the primitive sports of primitive days, he was a match for anyone. In later years I had induced him to take up with the ancient and royal Scottish game of golf. He got so that he could play a very good game, excellent indeed for a man of his years. But on one occasion, down at Santa Monica, when we were playing, we were up within about one hundred feet of the flag at the hole we were making for. A slight stroke should have driven the ball nearer the flag, but the inclination to look up as one tries to hit the ball got the best of him, and the consequence was he topped the ball and it rolled only a couple of feet or so. He bent over for the next stroke, and the one thing which all golfers most fear, and the hardest to overcome, is that habit of looking up or taking the eye off the ball just as you go to strike. This he did, the second time, when he topped it again and it moved but a few feet further. The third time he went up to it and hit it a whack that sent it rolling one hundred feet beyond the flag. His son, Wesley, who was playing with us, called out, "Why, papa, what did you do that for? You knew

it would roll away down there in the ditch!" The President straightened up and said, rather severely, "Well, I was mad at it!" I have laughed hundreds of times at that, "I was mad at it."

Of course, we agreed well together, otherwise we would not have been companionable during all these years. But sometimes I could not fully agree with him on some matters that we discussed. I recall one night we were on shipboard returning from Europe, in 1906. It was a bright moonlight night, and we stood there leaning over the railing enjoying the smooth sea and balmy summer night air. The Smoot investigation, which had just occurred a little while before and which had stirred up so much controversy throughout the land was fresh in our minds, and we were talking of it. I took the position that it would be unwise for Reed Smoot to be re-elected to the United States Senate. I was conscientious in my objection, and I had marshaled all the facts, arguments, and logic, that I could; and I was well informed, I thought, on the subject, and had presented them to him in as clear and yet in as adroit a manner as I possibly could. It would take too much space here to go over the arguments, but it seemed to me that I had the best of it. I could see he began to listen with some little impatience, and yet he let me have my say, but he answered in tones and in a way that I shall never forget. Bringing his fist down with some force on the railing between us, he said, in the most forceful and positive manner:

"If ever the Spirit of the Lord has manifested to me anything clear and plain and positive, it is this, that Reed Smoot should remain in the United States Senate. He can do more good there than he can anywhere else."

Of course, I did not contend further with him, but accepted from that hour his view of the case and made it mine, too. Twelve years have passed since that time, and looking back on it now, I cannot help but think how marvelously and splendidly the inspiration of the Almighty has been vindicated, while my argument, facts and logic have all fallen to the ground.

During the last six or eight years, hundreds of prominent people, Democrats as well as Republicans, passing through Salt Lake City, even Secretary McAdoo, himself, among them, have stated to President Smith that Utah had a great big man in the United States Senate in the person of Senator Reed Smoot. President Smith's judgment, or rather his inspiration in this matter, has been vindicated to the last degree.

As a preacher of righteousness, who could compare with him? He was the greatest that I ever heard—strong, powerful, clear, appealing. It was marvelous how the words of living light and fire flowed from him. He was a born preacher, and yet he did not set himself up to be such. He never thought

highly of his own great qualities. Rather, he was simple, plain and unaffected to the last degree; and yet, there was a dignity with it all which enabled anyone and everyone to say: "He is a man among men!" As preacher, leader, teacher, husband, father, citizen and man, I ask, who among our mighty ones can be likened unto him?

He loved a good story and a good joke. There was a good laugh in him always. He had no patience with vile stories, but there was a fine vein of humor in him, and he could relate incidents of his early life and entertain the crowd about him as few men ever could.

He was the most methodical in all his work of any person I ever knew. Every letter that he received had to be endorsed by him with the date and any other information, and all carefully filed away. He could not stand for disorder. Everything in connection with his work was orderly. He could pack his suitcase or a trunk and line out and smooth out every piece of clothing in it so that it would hold more and be better packed than if anybody else had done it. His clothes, too, were always clean. Most men as they grow old are likely to have their clothes more or less spotted through dropping food on their clothing. But not so with him. To his last day his clothes were as clean and as well taken care of as if he had been a young man of thirty.

He was a most strenuous worker and never considered saving himself at all. You could go up to his little office in the Beehive most any night when he was well, and find him writing letters or attending to some other work. Perhaps some dear old soul had written him a personal letter, and he would work into the night answering it with his own hand. Indeed, he overworked himself and no doubt injured his strong constitution.

He was careless about eating—careless as to what he ate and when he ate. His living was exceedingly simple and plain. He rarely got to bed before midnight, and the consequence was he did not get sufficient sleep and rest.

He was very fond of music and loved to sing the songs of Zion.

His love for little children was unbounded. During the trip we took last year down through the southern settlements to St. George and return, when the troops of little children were paraded before him, it was beautiful to see how he adored these little ones. It was my duty to try and get the company started, to make time to the next settlement where the crowds would be waiting for us, but it was a difficult task to pull him away from the little children. He wanted to shake hands with and talk to every one of them.

Once in a while someone would come up to him and say, "President Smith, I believe I am a kinsman of yours."

I knew then that we were good for another ten minutes' delay, for that great heart of his, that went out to every kinsman as well as to the little children, could not be torn away quickly from anyone claiming kinship with him.

I have visited at his home when one of his little children was down sick. I have seen him come home from his work at night tired, as he naturally would be, and yet he would walk the floor for hours with that little one in his arms, petting it and loving it, encouraging it in every way with such tenderness and such a soul of pity and love as not one mother in a thousand would show.

While he was a hard-headed, successful business man, yet very few in this dispensation have been more gifted with spiritual insight than he. As we were returning from an eastern trip, some years ago, on the train just east of Green River, I saw him go out to the end of the car on the platform, and immediately return and hesitate a moment, and then sit down in the seat just ahead of me. He had just taken his seat when something went wrong with the train. A broken rail had been the means of ditching the engine and had thrown most of the cars off the track. In the sleeper we were shaken up pretty badly, but our car remained on the track.

The President immediately said to me that he had gone on the platform when he heard a voice saying, "Go in and sit down."

He came in, and I noticed him stand a moment, and he seemed to hesitate, but he sat down.

He said further that as he came in and stood in the aisle he thought, "Oh, pshaw, perhaps it is only my imagination;" when he heard the voice again, "Sit down," and he immediately took his seat, and the result was as I have stated.

He, no doubt, would have been very seriously injured had he remained on the platform of that car, as the cars were all jammed up together pretty badly. He said, "I have heard that voice a good many times in my life, and I have always profited by obeying it."

On another occasion, at a function which was held in the palatial home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. McCune, he made an extended talk to the gathering. He then said that when a certain brother who had been called to a responsible position in the Church was chosen for that position, he himself had never heard this spiritual voice more plainly and more clearly telling him what to do, than in this naming of the individual who was to be called for that certain office.

He lived in close communion with the Spirit of the Lord, and his life was so exemplary and chaste that the Lord could easily manifest himself to his servant. Truly he could say "Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth." Not every servant can

hear when He speaks. But the heart of President Smith was attuned to the Celestial melodies—he could hear, and did hear.

What shall I say of the grand and glorious work that he has done in rearing the large and splendid family that he leaves behind. What a noble work for any man! Indeed no man without great nobility of soul could have accomplished it. Is not this bringing up a good family, and a large family of good citizens, good men and women, good for the Church, for the State, and for the Nation? Is not this, I say, about the most God-like piece of work that a man can do in this world? The thinking mind, who goes into this question deep enough, will see that here is the work, not only of a man, of a great man, but of a God in embryo. The whole Church can take pride in the vindication of the great principle which he has so successfully wrought out. No ordinary man could accomplish that. Happy the wife who can call him husband. Happy and blessed indeed the children who call him father. Never was man more moral and chaste and virtuous to the last fiber of his being than he. Against all forms or thoughts of licentiousness, he was set, and as immovable as a mountain. “Blessed are the pure in heart,” and as he was of the very purest—he shall see God.

It is written that a truly great man is known by the number of beings he loves and blesses, and by the number of beings who love and bless him. Judged by that standard alone, where is his equal to be found in all this world!

I can say of Joseph F. Smith as Carlyle said of Luther, that he was truly a great man, “great in intellect, in courage, in affection, and in integrity. Great, not as a hewn obelisk, but as an Alpine mountain.” No heart ever beat truer to every principle of manhood and righteousness and justice and mercy than his; that great heart, encased in his magnificent frame, made him the biggest, the bravest, the tenderest, the purest and best of all men who walked the earth in his time!

“His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix’d in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, ‘This was a Man!’”



The S. A. T. C., Brigham Young University, at Maeser Memorial Building.

In Honor of President Joseph F. Smith

A Tribute

From the S. A. T. C., Brigham Young University

The Student Army Training Corps, of the Brigham Young University, held a memorial service in honor of President Joseph F. Smith, president of the board of trustees, at 12 noon, November 22, 1918, directly in front of the Maeser Memorial, Provo, Utah.

All the companies of the S. A. T. C. stood at attention and presented arms with the officers saluting. Taps was played by the buglers, and the flag was lowered to half mast.

At the conclusion of this ceremony, President George H. Brimhall delivered the address, of which the following is a synopsis:

"Officers and students of the S. A. T. C.: We honor today, at this hour, the life and memory of the patriot, patriarch and prophet, Joseph Fielding Smith, president of the board of trustees of the Brigham Young University.

"As I look back, I see a boy of nine years of age handling the heavy yoke of the oxen, and driving them forth into the great and barren desert—his mother, his only earthly guardian, his Father in heaven having watchful care over him. Then he grew to manhood and helped to build this mighty commonwealth—today we honor the pioneer.

"Students of the S. A. T. C., Joseph F. Smith, your president, was a great character. His character foreshadowed the Millennium, when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together in peace. He was lamb-like in his tenderness. The truly strong

men of the world are the truly tender even of the world, and all men who have ever known President Joseph F. Smith have marveled at his tenderness. He was like a lion in his defense of right and justice. No man ever fought more valiantly than he for right. Joseph F. Smith always had the courage of his convictions.

"Today we are committing his remains to mother earth, but his great character is our heritage that goes on and on, that can never die.

"He died in peace, at a time of peace, made possible by the work of such men as you, willing to give your lives for the liberty of the world.

"He was at all times a patriot, standing for the life and honor of this glorious Government, builded in a land of promise, concerning which God has decreed that it should be a land of liberty, over which no king should bear rule."

Brief Statement

Voiced on the night of President Joseph F. Smith's death, November 19, 1918

By Elder James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve

To say that both the Church and the State have lost a pillar of strength in the demise of President Joseph F. Smith is but to express a fraction of the saddening truth. To me he was a *man* in every human sense; and a *man of God* beside. It is my privilege to have been closely associated with him for many years before and ever since his accession to the presidency of the Church, and I have loved him beyond my affection for any other man outside of my own kin.

I have directed the attention of our people both young and old to his attainments, and particularly to his character as a practically flawless example. He has demonstrated in a most convincing way that a real education is obtainable without the facilities associated with training in college. His schooling was meager, but he was a man rich in the fruits of reading, and full of wisdom. His mastery of English was beyond that of many who boast of post-graduate degrees in literature. Good language was to him like sweet music, provided the speaker had something worth saying; but mere words could never blind his vision to facts.

He was a man of strong convictions, but always tolerant of another's honest opinion or belief. In giving counsel and encouragement he was effective through his mildness, for he was

not only a gentleman but a gentle man; yet in denouncing sin he was a very lion in force and determination.

President Smith was a great man, not simply a big one. The gospel he professed and preached was the essence of his life and being.

I cannot conceive of him now, in the realm of spirits, as otherwise than busy in service. I know he still lives, and works, and teaches both by word and example; and the dominant hope of my heart tonight, while grief over his departure is still fresh and poignant, is that I may meet him again and be permitted to labor under his presidency in the world beyond the grave.

A Man of God

By Nephi Jensen

Just six days past his eightieth birthday, President Joseph F. Smith went on to the spirit world to engage in the great work of human redemption, a glorious vision of which was given him shortly before his death. His passing marked the end of the most unique career of our time.

It was a cold, cruel, hateful world upon which he first opened his eyes, at Far West, Missouri, November 13, 1838. There was poverty and privation in his home, and fiendish mobs howled on the outside. How different was the scene when he peacefully passed to rest, eighty years later! Then civil officials and men of all creeds stood with bowed heads and mellowed hearts beside his grave, while the bell in the Catholic cathedral tolled a solemn requiem.

No man of our day possessed in fuller measure the three cardinal characteristics of true greatness: genuine sincerity, unaffected humility, and deathless devotion to a great cause. In nothing was he ever half-hearted. He was totally void of pretense. He knew no policy except justice, mercy and right. In his every word and act, he put the cause for which he worked and sacrificed, for nearly three-quarters of a century, above every personal consideration.

Although a man of strong, stately body, active, virile brain, and great spirit, he humbly acknowledged his dependence upon God, with a grace as genuine and beautiful as that of a child. He walked all the long way through life in the dignity of benign meekness.

But his crowning virtue was a truly heroic heart that impelled him to dare all, risk all, and give all for eternal truth.

From the time he went to Hawaii, on his first mission, at the tender age of fifteen, to October, 1918, when, with trembling frame, and heart aflame with strong convictions, he testified of the great things of God, there never was a time in his long, eventful life when he did not give the full strength of his big heart, and the vigor of his great mind, to the cause of human salvation.

He graduated from the only real University, the school of great service and varied experience. He was never spoiled by vain traditions, which are harder to unlearn than truth is to learn. His was a great, deep, virile, natural spirit, which was sent in eager quest of the biggest things of life, by a religion as true as truth. No glittering show of superficial scholasticism diverted his mind or heart from the one biggest thought of life, the salvation and glorification of human souls. Although he deeply appreciated the fine things of music, drama and art, he was yet wise enough to feel that no culture that the school master can give can take the place of the power and spirit in the word of God.

He was not a mere human machine that turned out one single mental product. His was an all-sided life. He exemplified most perfectly Carlyle's idea of greatness, that no man is supremely great unless he "can be all sorts of men."

In mind and heart he resembled very much Abraham Lincoln. Like the great Emancipator, there was in him an almost equal blending of rugged, practical sense, and the fine spiritual sensitiveness of the poet. Like Lincoln, too, he had that perfect sense of humor which recognizes that

"Life is real, life is earnest."

and that mirth is also "real," and a legitimate part of an "earnest" life. But his wit was chaste, and in his humor there was a blending of smile and tear.

His was the rarest of rare souls. There was in it the comingling of the bravest soldier's valor and the tenderness of gentle women. In the presence of the arrogant foes of truth, he was every inch the lion. And at the sight of the smiles of innocent babes he was touched to tears.

As an orator he was natural, direct, impressive and convincing. His diction was simple, lofty and refined. He was sincere to the core, and never indulged in rhetorical tricks. Whether at the altar, in the pulpit, or in legislative halls, he spoke from the heart and never was guilty of lip service. His pure, earnest eloquence, flowing spontaneously from a heart aglow with a genuine enthusiasm for God's righteousness, often moved critical men and fastidious women of other creeds to tears, when the fine words of the schooled phrase-maker fell upon cold hearts.

As a preacher he was original, simple, fearless and profound. He never indulged in fine-spun theological technicalities. Nor was he a reciter of verbal trappings, empty of meaning. His words were more than mere coinings of a brilliant brain.

What a life he lived! From his thrilling escape from Indians, when only eight years old, to his glorious vision of the spirit world at the age of eighty, almost every hour of his life was spent in serving man and glorifying God. Very few lives have been as rich in deep and varied experiences. He knew the thrill of dire danger, the pang of privation, the gnaw of hunger, the deep joy of divine service, and the bliss and glory of being in favor with God.

Such a life is not the product of colleges alone. The school room alone cannot produce such a man. Indeed it is questionable whether technical scholasticism could have added anything of importance to such a career. What did he lack that schools could give? He knew man and God. His heart was as deep as truth, and lifted as high as heaven. He was not a stranger to sod nor star. He knew every phase of practical life, and his tender spiritual nature was keenly sensitive to the finest things of art, and the truest things of religion. His life touched the depths and heights of human experience. He was a pioneer, preacher, orator, lawmaker, prophet, and leader of men. He was the most kind-hearted husband, the most loving father, one of the truest friends of mankind, and the anointed of God.

His life was a complete, perfect exemplification of the truest success. He succeeded most wonderfully in the biggest business of life, the business of ennobling human souls.

The Heaven we Get will be the Heaven we Earn

By Joseph S. Peery, Superintendent Y. M. M. I. A., Liberty Stake.

Many people seem to be satisfied with baptism, thinking thereby they will get to heaven. It is true that baptism is the door to the Kingdom of God, but there are various degrees in that kingdom. Paul compares the degrees to the sun, moon and stars.

Heaven will be strictly a merit system. We get what we earn. That is all we are entitled to. Should we send up no good works, by what right can we expect a good place? If we make the Celestial degree, it will depend upon our works. It will not be attained through indifference. Things worth while are won by effort.

The Lord is a good pay-master. It is a great privilege to be in his service, and those who decline this opportunity will certainly have intense regrets. They may lay up for themselves treasures on earth, but these treasures all perish with death. President Young said, "I am for life everlasting." He attained his aim.

Will I get a mansion or a dug-out? That depends on what I earn.



The Beehive House

Funeral of President Joseph F. Smith

As before stated in the *Era*, owing to health conditions no public services were held for President Joseph F. Smith, except burial exercises at the cemetery, but it is designed that as soon as opportunity offers and health conditions will permit, that memorial services will be held throughout the Church.

Many people called at the residence on the morning of November 22, the day of the burial, and were permitted to take a last look at the great leader, so insistent was the demand for this privilege. Thousands of cards and letters of condolence had been received, also a very large number of beautiful floral tributes.

The funeral train was arranged under direction of Elders George Albert Smith, Stephen L. Richards and Richard R. Lyman. It consisted of upwards of one hundred and fifty closed automobiles, more than a mile in length, preceded by a platoon of mounted police. Then followed in order, the city commission, state officials, general authorities of the Church, the hearse, next to which were the family, followed by the members of the general boards of the six auxiliary organizations in their order—Relief Society, Sunday School, Y. M. M. I. A., Y. L. M. I. A., Primary and Religion Class—Temple workers, employees of the President's office, officials and directors of business organizations with which President Smith had been associated, followed by large numbers of friends of the President and his family.

Thousands of people thronged the streets to witness the procession. Traffic was suspended east of Main, on South Temple street, and the great majority of business houses were closed for the noon hour, during the exercises at the cemetery, out of respect to the President and his family, by order of the state and city officials. Notwithstanding the cold weather, many stood with bared heads as the hearse passed by. South Temple from Main to Second East, was crowded with people and automobiles.

As the throngs gathered, the great bell in the Catholic cathedral on South Temple street tolled a solemn requiem, by order of Bishop Joseph S. Glass.

Members of the quorum of Twelve Apostles officiated at the Beehive house; and in conveying the casket to the hearse, the active pallbearers were Elders Orson F. Whitney, David O. McKay, Anthony W. Ivins, James E. Talmage, Stephen L. Richards and Richard R. Lyman, of the Council of Twelve apostles. Accompanying them as honorary pallbearers were Presidents Anthon H. Lund, Charles W. Penrose and Heber J. Grant, Elders Rudger Clawson, George Albert Smith and Presiding Patriarch Hyrum G. Smith.

The body was encased in an all-metal casket, covered with flowers from near and far, sent by loving friends during the morning and for two days before.

At the cemetery, where brief exercises were held, a temporary pulpit was erected, draped in white, with the American flag and the Hawaiian *leis*. The remains were buried directly east of the monument recently erected to the father of the beloved President, Patriarch Hyrum Smith.

Large numbers of people were present, among them Governor Simon Bamberger, Mayor W. Mont Ferry, Secretary of State Harden Bennion, the city commission, and large numbers of Church authorities, workers and friends.

President Anthon H. Lund was in charge of the services. The temporary pulpit draped in white, fronted by a large American flag was occupied by Presidents Anthon H. Lund, Charles W. Penrose and Heber J. Grant, Elders Rudger Clawson, George Albert Smith, and reporter Frank W. Otterstrom. Seats for the family were arranged on both sides, and Church and State, County and City, officials stood near during the ceremonies.

Messages of sympathy and condolence were received from Elders Reed Smoot, Washington, D. C., and George F. Richards, Liverpool, England.

The exercises were short. A chorus of forty members of the Tabernacle Choir, under direction of Prof. A. C. Lund, sang, "I Know That My Redeemer Lives." Prayer was offered by Elder George Albert Smith. The Eighteenth ward male quartette—Elders H. G. Whitney, George D. Pyper, Hugh W. Dougall and John D. Spencer—sang, "What Voice Salutes the Startled Ear?" Under the direction of Elder B. Cecil Gates, native Hawaiians sang, "Aloha Oe," with instrumental accompaniment.

Bishop Charles W. Nibley delivered a short address, embodying some of the thoughts contained in his later eulogy, written at the solicitation of the *Era* and which is found in this number.

President Heber J. Grant spoke briefly, reading the poem by Eliza R. Snow entitled, "Thou Dost Not Weep to Weep Alone," also a poem by Edgar A. Guest, entitled, "A Real Man." President Grant stated that he had labored under President Smith's presidency for thirty-six years, and that during all these years he had never known anything in President Smith's life, either in word or act, that was not worthy of a real man. He said he could say in all sincerity, "He was the kind of man I would like to be." "Standing here by his grave, I desire, more than language can tell, the power and the ability, to be as kind, as considerate, as forgiving, as brave and noble and true, as he was, and to walk in very deed in his footsteps. I could ask nothing more."

President Lund thanked all present in behalf of the family, and for the Church thanked the State, City and County officials, and the general public for the consideration shown to the memory of President Smith.

The Tabernacle Choir sang, "O My Father," Prof. A. C. Lund singing the solo part.

President Charles W. Penrose dedicated the grave.—A.



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THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES

The palace of Versailles is the seat of the Inter-allied Conference, where the representatives of the Entente powers meet, and where the German, Turkish and other armistice terms were settled. It is the headquarters of the Supreme War Council; here will be signed the decisions of peace—the doom of autocracy—following the greatest war the world has ever known.

At the first formal meeting of the Entente powers, October 30, the representatives left the palace visibly content with what they had accomplished. The next day Turkey signed the armistice terms.

The Palace is one of the most magnificent structures in the world, and it is said that Louis XIV spent over \$100,000,000 on it, and the park adjoining. Within its portals are the apartments of its builder, with the same furnishings used by him: the room in which Louis XV died; the chambers of Marie Antoinette and the museum of art and history for which it is noted.

The famous meeting of the States-Generals, with which the French revolution really began, was held here, and seven years earlier was the scene of the signing of the preliminary agreement at the close of the war between England and the American colonies.



PERSIS M. McKEE

Spanish Fork, Utah; born 29th June, 1820, Andover, Maine

A remarkable woman who seems to link the distant past with the present—the days of the rise of the Church with today. The Book of Mormon she is holding was given her by the Prophet Joseph Smith. Mrs. McKee, with Sarah Handy, folded the entire second edition of the Book of Mormon; and the Prophet gave each of them one of the books they had folded. Mrs. McKee has eight living children, one son and seven daughters, who have had 92 children. This photo was taken June, 1918, a few days before Mrs. McKee's ninety-eighth anniversary, by George Ed. Anderson, Springville, Utah.



By N. L. Nelson

I

The low southern sun has entered holy week. The air is crisp. At sunrise, a frost line gilds the wheel tracks, and the dust is too lazy to fly. Yesterday was still Indian summer, but today a subtle change has come; the copper sky of the morning has merged into a sullen grey, accompanied with a raw bitterness of cold that brings in the farmer, again and again, to warm his benumbed fingers at the kitchen range.

It is growing late as we approach a thrifty but rather elongated village on the eastern plain of Great Salt Lake. The sun, instead of setting, fades into a gradually deepening mist. From a score of chimneys brave wreaths curl upward. Presently as many lights will begin to twinkle; and a full moon, haloed by an ominous circle of half-knit clouds, will cross the Wasatch.

South of the village, near the first step of the mountain, and well set back from the road, is an old-fashioned farm-house, standing tall and white in a grove of naked poplars, and lighted behind only a single pair of windows. The twilight still serves to tell what has been, and what is. The yards are scrupulously clean. Behind a chopping block stand, neatly on end, two or three cords of railroad ties, ready for their final service to man. On the north, neatly ordered but somewhat ancient-looking, are the out-buildings; a roomy barn, once bursting with the eloquence of rich harvests, now containing provisions for two lonely inmates, a black horse, and a jersey cow; a pig pen, evidently long in disuse; a white-washed chicken-coop, still alive within, and querulous as we approach; a spacious farm-shed with only a single-seated buggy left for furniture.

Let us see if the melancholy story of a big past, dwindling to a little present, is confirmed as we enter the house. We pause at the threshold, which is ever the most eloquent monument of a "Mormon" home. This one has been worn deep, but manifestly by feet that have gone life's ways; for the neat brown paint now on it shows scarcely a scratch. As we step within, the same scrupulous cleanliness and order meet us on every hand—the same effacement, by kalsomine and varnish, of little finger marks and jack-knife carvings. No toddlers' playthings now litter the floor, nor children's shoes and stockings.

Yet here are still the furnishings which did noble duty a generation ago. But today everything is spick and span; the chairs are painted, doiled, and fixed each in its place; and there they stand on their good behavior from Christmas to Christmas.

The kitchen stove smiles a shiny smile at the sideboard, which smiles back from multiple rows of glistening tin and sparkling china. Home-made carpets deaden the footfall, and mats—such wonderful mats, some of them dating almost to pioneer days—are scattered about, as if eloquent of past rather than present comfort.

We pass hastily through the spacious parlor or living room, for we are to meet here again; noting only that instead of the red glow on walls and ceiling which characterized pioneer days there is now only the cold, ghostly light of the moon, dimly reflected, even from the whitewashed throat of the great chimney.

Up stairs—but we will not venture upstairs—yet. A long slumber has overtaken the half-dozen chambers with their neat but old-fashioned furnishings. And so also of the cellar, once so full of earth's good things: a single set of shelves, boarded off in a corner, suffice for the needs of the present occupants.

Indeed, the life-blood flows but feebly in the extremities of the fine old home; but the house still has a warm heart, which let us now enter with all reverence.

Can anyone doubt what that heart of the home is? Mother's room is the name it has gone by ever since the mystery of motherhood began here nearly fifty years ago. Tonight it is aglow with a rosy sheen from the mica windows of a parlor heater. This is Grandma Wakefield's way of answering the sullen challenge of the skies.

II

The color scheme of the glowing stove is enhanced by the reflection of a large, red-fringed lamp-shade, throwing its irised circle on the snow-white cloth of the little round table, and setting off with artistic effect the tall glass pitcher of milk, the two quaint blue bowls, each with its silver spoon, the brown loaf with its two white slices and a knife tentatively inserted for a third, lastly a pyramid of polished Jonathans and by the side of it a folded copy of the *Deseret News*.

Two chairs only, of the pretty modern set, seem to be in use. They are both rockers. On one, invitingly near the stove, is a pair of embroidered slippers, getting warm. In the other chair sits—the heroine of this story.

Grandma has been knitting. One pair of men's socks, done in gray with heel and toe of red, lie finished on the little work

table by her side; and another pair, exactly similar, are nearly done in her hands.

For the moment the nimble fingers cease, and an intense longing comes into the sweet, sad face. Lifting the unfinished work, she presses it to her pale cheek. It is her eyes which now arrest attention; deep, dark eyes that are looking a thousand miles away. Waves of tenderness surge over the fine, spiritual face, and a tear falls unrestrained.

"God bless my noble, big-hearted boy," she prays, "and bring him home to me."

And the "peace which passeth understanding" comes swiftly to reassure her, as on a hundred previous occasions. "In the Lord's own time," she murmurs, as the divine comfort sinks into her mother's heart. Then she resumes her knitting, but her fingers are no longer consciously guided, for her mind is with the past.

She remembers herself a girl of eighteen in England, and how easy it was for her to know the voice of the true Shepherd. No sooner had she heard the Gospel message, than her heart thrilled with a testimony; and she could not wait the advent of spring, but needs must have the ice broken on the river to be baptized.

Those are halcyon days in girlhood memory; for out of her glowing spiritual reliance grew presently the romance of her life. Among the elders was a fair-haired young man, of fine form but troubled face—her own Tom through the long years since—who, although he had accepted a mission, did not then know that Joseph Smith was a prophet. Only the elders who have passed through the same crisis, can appreciate how Tom Wakefield felt. Amid glowing testimonies of his fellow missionaries, his heart had remained cold, his message hollow even to himself, until his mission had become almost unbearable. Then it was—in the hour of his Gethsemane—that she had come like a savior into his life.

The tears of sympathy start afresh tonight, as she remembers with what broken sobs the strong man confided in her; then how they knelt together, and she taught him how to pray. Like the breaking of a human heart—like the passionate cry, "My Lord and my God," of that other Thomas—came to him the dawning of the divine life, the beginning of his testimony.

And he had needed her steady, effulgent faith during all the years since that time; for thereby a thousand doubts had yielded and passed into spiritual victories. The one cloud that hung over his life now was—Tom. "Mother!" he would often exclaim, "if I could only have put my arms around the lad that night, instead of sending him away!" And on these occasions

it was only her rich, intuitive faith and trust that had power to reassure him.

From thinking of Tom, Grandma Wakefield's mind moved by easy transition to Nat, Tom's twin brother—Nat, the spir-



Drawings by Anna Lewis, Mesa, Arizona.

*"Nat and Tom, her babies. * * * What reveries indeed, for the ruddy glow of a winter evening!"*

itual-minded, the incarnation of her own triumphant faith; Nat, the fair-haired replica of her husband, the pride of his father's heart, who had never given his parents one moment of anxiety in his life.

Nat and Tom—her babies! With what ineffable tenderness her memory dwells on the lengthening chain of their inter-

woven lives; the dark head pillowed by the side of the fair, as she used to kiss the drowsy eyes good night; the thousand incidents of their boyhood. What reveries for the ruddy glow of a winter evening!

Small wonder that the elder children—she was grandmother fifty-nine times at the family's last reunion for their golden wedding—were almost crowded out. It was not that she loved them less; it was only that they were the sheep safely within the fold, while her boy, her Tom, was tonight out among the wolves.

III

Painfully she traced the steps leading to Tom's waywardness. He had learned to smoke cigarettes while out with a surveying party during the summer of his sixteenth year. There, also, his inherited tendency to doubt and question had been awakened into fierce life. Naturally his skepticism led him into negative company, and soon he had learned to drink. For indulging these habits he had been dismissed from a prominent church school the following winter.

It had been a trying time for the boy. Once he had even turned on his own parents and laid bare, with astonishing vehemence, all the doubts and objections which his negative attitude had encouraged to lurk in the shadows of his mind and heart.

The father was overwhelmed.

"My boy," said he, more in grief than in anger, "you are wrong—wrong; but it is not in my heart to censure you, for I had to pass through all that, and know the agony of it. Go to your mother; that's where I went to find peace."

The event proved, however, that the younger man was not seeking peace; like Saul of old, who became Paul, he was constantly primed for a fight. But Tom's mother was not seriously alarmed. Others of her sons had been on "fool's hill;" indeed, she reflected, it is rather the rule than the exception for boys at a certain age to be callous to parental appeal.

Both instinct and experience taught her, moreover, that a mother's love is never really wasted, though it may sometimes lie fallow for years. Thus it came about that by a hundred little unobtrusive attentions, Tom was made to feel the tenderness of a mother's heart.

And this quiet sympathy was beginning to tell. More and more he turned to her as one who could understand him! The most hopeful sign came one night when he confided to her that Dorothy Avery was the only girl in the world for him.

Then, alas, there occurred, a few weeks later, in quick succession, the two fateful events that undid all her good work.

Bishop Avery had never taken kindly to the boy since his disgrace; perhaps because he had shown no sign of regret or repentance. He had even gone so far as to warn his daughter against Tom's evident infatuation.

One Friday evening, at a social in the Bishop's parlor, the discussion having turned to religious topics, as it was wont to do whenever Tom chose to air his strident opinions—the boy quite forgot himself, nettled, perhaps, by the opposition of a rival suitor of Dorothy's. Among other aspersions which he professed to credit against "Mormonism" he declared his belief that "Brigham Young had been responsible for the Mountain Meadow massacre."

The whole company was shocked into silence. "O Tom, Tom," exclaimed Dorothy in a voice full of grief, "how could you!" And a minute later the young people, to emphasize their disapproval, arose in a body and bade their hostess good-night.

Tom stood for a moment at the door, apparently unable or unwilling to frame an apology, when Bishop Avery walked in from the library.

"I could not help overhearing," said the bishop, after Tom was seated, "and I should like you first to understand that it has been out of respect for your father and mother that I have refrained hitherto from saying what I desire to say now.

"It is not unusual to meet young men saturated with opinions such as you expressed tonight; but as a rule they are young men also saturated with tobacco and whisky, and moving in the dissolute society implied by such personal habits. I am sorry you have chosen such associates, and indulge such habits, even if only occasionally; but since you have, I can only remind you that you 'can't have your cake and eat it too.' You can no longer continue to be a link connecting my house and my daughter with saloon bums and cheap slanders against my religion and my people. I hope I make you understand."

Without a word the boy reached for his hat and started for the door; stopping only an instant to glance at the set, white face and quivering lips of Dorothy Avery. Before he reached the gate, he heard the girl's broken sobs; but she did not call him back.

Tom failed to go home that night. His heart was full of a dull, voiceless pain, and he needed consolation, if mortal ever did; but not being repentant, he instinctively avoided his mother, and, like all his negative kind, sought surcease in dissipation.

His father learned next day that he was in an Ogden saloon, and was about to order his arrest, the boy being under age, but hesitated for reasons urged by his wife. On Sunday

afternoon an auto-load of uproarious joy-riders stopped at the old farm-house; and the young man that alighted, walked unsteadily up the path toward the house. Nat and his mother were at meeting, but the father having seen him approaching, met him before he reached the door.

In justification of what followed, we must remember that the report of Bishop Avery and that of the police officer were both fresh and rankling in the father's mind. Nevertheless, the older man was more sorely punished than the younger; for this parting scene left an ineffaceable grief on the father's heart.

"O mother, mother, if you had only been here!" he cried when, on coming home two hours later, his wife found him prostrated with sorrow. "I missed the opportunity God gave me of putting my arms around the lad. But I was angry; and when I told him the latch string was no longer on the outside for him until he made a man of himself, his face turned white, and a kind of fearful, hunted look came into his eyes—your eyes, mother, only for that look, which I had never seen before.

"Is mother in?" he asked feebly, and that was all he said. When I told him no, he turned and walked toward the gate; but oh, sweetheart, it was not like the walk of our manly Tom! I shall never forget how weak and hopeless it seemed!"

For a moment the knitting ceases, and the woman's heart turns in pity and solicitude for the gray-haired man who through fifty years of pioneer trials has never failed in duty or tenderness toward the girl he found and first loved in England.

The fact that the boy could not be found that night, although they searched far and wide, preyed so continuously upon her husband's feelings as seriously to impair his strong constitution. When, therefore, the following spring, their only remaining son left for a mission to Australia, the farm was leased, and life in the old home gradually narrowed itself to the limits we found at the opening of this story.

Then came Tom's letter, undated and without address, but postmarked San Francisco. Here are some excerpts from it:

"Tell Dorothy I was too stunned that night to say a word, but I have done a lot of thinking since. It was she that first opened my eyes. * * *

"I want you to thank Bishop Avery for the jolt he gave me. I had never before thought how much the manner of a man's thinking depends on the manner of his living. I don't know yet that 'Mormonism' is true, but tell him that the 'Mormon' people themselves look mighty fine to me at this distance. * *

"You're the sweetest little mother on earth; but next to you, I'd like to get down on my knees and ask father to forgive me * * * Tell him I'm going to make a man of myself; also

that I'm no weakling, whatever else he may think me; for when once I set my teeth, I found I could quit smoking and drinking and not half try. * * *

"I can't say I'm happy—life has become too big and serious a thing for that. I am like a man lost in the woods, and earnestly seeking a way out."

The letter closed with this rather mysterious passage:

"I had a friend rooming with me here—but how can I tell the story? I simply can't, till it's done. I shall be in more deeply before I am out, with a black cloud settling down over me.

"But you will pray for me, won't you, mother? You are the one being I tie to in all the world; somehow I always feel you near me, when I need you most. Good-bye—till I make myself worthy to lift the latch. Lovingly, Tom."

At first this letter gave hope and encouragement; but as one—two—three years went by without further token from the boy, the "black cloud" settled down also over the whole Wakefield family—with one notable exception. Tom's mother—such is the power of those who find rest in Christ—felt a peace that radiated hope to all who came within the circle of her spiritual charm; and that meant especially two persons, her husband and Dorothy Avery.

"The boy is in the hands of the Lord," she would assure them. "If he is being chastened, it is because the Lord loves him."

And so ended again this moving retrospect, with a patient waiting of the due time of the Lord, and a fervent faith in the outcome.

IV

Grandma Wakefield's reverie was broken by familiar foot-falls approaching from the gate. A moment later the still splendid form of her husband stood in the doorway, his breath painted white, his eyes aglow with sudden admiration.

"Sweetheart!" he exclaimed in surprised delight, "you are more beautiful tonight than when you were a girl."

And, indeed, by certain deft touches reminiscent of by-gone days, grandma had calculated on just such an impression. Moreover, added to the effect of the warm, rich glow of the room about her, there was tonight a certain spiritual exaltation in her face that seemed like a transfiguration.

"Good news, little mother—guess," he teased, as he prepared to put on his slippers.

"Tell me quick," said she, fondly smoothing out the knitting she had just completed.

"Yes, it has to do with that pair of socks. The good ship

Melbourne touched at Honolulu yesterday. They may warm the feet and also the heart of our dear missionary on Christmas day."

"Good news, indeed, then. But what of these?" asked Grandma, holding up the companion pair, "and of these and these?" lifting two similar pairs from her pretty work-box—previous Christmas gifts not yet delivered.

A shadow fell on grandpa's fine face as he looked long into the glowing coals.

"You dear, doubting Thomas," said his wife, putting her arms around his neck, "let me give you some good news. Tom, our Tom, will be here for Christmas."

"O mother, mother, I do want to believe it; but how do you know?"

"I have had a wireless—just now, since you came into the room. I don't know how I know it, but I do know it," and her tears of joy were already falling.

"We must have the family here to meet him; I'll telegraph them all to come," said her husband eagerly.

"There will be no need of that, dear. I believe I dare venture this prophecy also. Did you see, as you came in, that pile of wood cut to fit the old fireplace—half a cord of it?"

"Yes, and that reminds me I met Ralph and Will on their way home from this direction, their cheeks as red as the axes they swung over their shoulders.

"Hello, Grandpa," the young rogues laughed. "We're deacons today. We've been out choppin' fur the widders and orphans, ha, ha, ha!"

"You're right, little mother; there's something brewing besides a snowstorm. But we won't know nuthin'—we old ones, will we? We'll let 'em surprise us to their fill—they can't pile happiness of that kind on us too high, can they, dearest?"

And, indeed, locked in each other's arms, they chuckled about the prospect, like any pair of boy and girl sweethearts planning their first May-day picnic.

"Oh, I almost forgot," exclaimed grandpa, a half hour later as they were finishing their evening meal. "Dorothy met me at the store and said, 'I'm coming down tonight to read you and grandma the finest story since that about David and Jonathan.' That's the bishop's buggy now."

"How cosy you are!" exclaimed Dorothy, entering a minute later, followed by her father. "You two always seem like lovers—don't they, papa? But tonight mother's room itself seems glorified."

(Continued on page 252)



Navajo Hogan, or House. The homes of the Navajos consist of houses made by setting poles in the ground, the sides and roof being covered with bark, grass and earth; or, where it can be afforded, the roof is covered with canvas, as shown in the illustration.

Traveling Over Forgotten Trails

By Hon. Anthony W. Ivins

I—Navajo Depredations in Southern Utah

The Navajo (Na-va-ho) Indians occupy a large area of country in the northeastern part of Arizona, and are to be found, in small numbers, in southeastern Utah and northwestern New Mexico.

They are more numerous than any other Indian tribe in the southwestern United States, and a people of fine physique, great natural intelligence, and unusual industry. They are a pastoral people, and practice agriculture to a limited extent. As long ago as 1855, it was estimated that they had five thousand acres of land under cultivation, principally corn, but producing small quantities of fruit, squash, melons and other vegetables.

Their homes consist of conical-shaped houses, made by standing poles on end, which are covered with grass, bark and earth, and are called hogans. Their dress is comfortable, and in some instances expensive. The men wear a shirt which fits rather closely to the body, sometimes made of cotton or woolen cloth, often of smoked buckskin, and where it can be afforded, of velvet, a very popular cloth among them; trousers of cloth, buckskin or velvet, and moccasins of smoked buckskin, in the

manufacture of which they are very expert; a belt, frequently of silver ornaments, made by their own silversmiths, and a hat or band around the head to hold back the hair. When on horseback they wear knee leggings, and a blanket to protect them from cold and rain.



*Navajo Warrior.
His dress is of velvet, the ornaments on his belt, and around his neck are of silver, and made by himself. Note how excellently the moccasins are made*

The women wear a garment similar to that of the men to cover the body, a short skirt, which is held in place by a girdle of their own weaving, buckskin leggings wound round the lower limbs, and moccasins. The hair, of which there is usually a profusion, is gathered and tied in a knot behind.

They are the owners of many thousands of sheep, large bands of horses, and herds of cattle.

Women, among the Navajos, are treated with greater respect than among any other Indians with whom the writer is familiar. The women among them are the equal of the men, and this equality of the sexes is fully respected. The greater part of the outdoor work is done by the men, while the women attend to their domestic duties and household affairs. The women also appear to have the greater part of the responsibility in looking after the sheep and horses, the girls acting as shepherdesses, and a Navajo would not think of disposing of his flocks and herds without first consulting his wife, a custom which might be profitably adopted by more civilized people.

The excellence of the blankets, and other fabrics woven by the Navajos is recognized wherever these goods are found. They raise the sheep; they shear them, card, spin and weave the wool in the most primitive manner, six months sometimes being consumed in the manufacture of a single blanket. Their silver-smiths are very expert workers, and many interesting designs are worked out in bracelets, beads, belt ornaments and other articles, with which they adorn their persons.

The Navajos never touch the body of a person who has died, when it can be avoided, do not eat pork nor allow swine in their country, and do not scalp or mutilate the bodies of enemies who have been slain in battle. A man has absolute control of his children while they remain under his roof, but when grown to man and womanhood, and gone to homes of their own, parental authority ceases. They practice plural marriage, and

their form of government is patriarchal. These customs indicate their Israelitish origin.

While not preeminently a warlike people, the Navajos are brave, and fight with great courage and intelligence when attacked, or fighting in defense of what they consider their rights.

When the treaty of Gaudalupe Hidalgo was signed, in 1848, the Navajo country, together with the remainder of this western territory, became the property of the United States. Up to that time little trouble had occurred between the Navajos and Americans, but for centuries they had been at war with the Mexicans, their hereditary enemies. Under the treaty referred to, the people of New Mexico, who were almost exclusively Mexicans, became citizens of the United States, and it became the duty of our government to give them protection. The Navajos could not readily understand the changed condition which made the Mexicans, the wards of the United States government, while the Mexicans, taking advantage of the greater protection which our government gave them, were active in acts of reprisal against their old enemies, the result being, as might be expected, that soon after the acquisition of the Arizona territory, war broke out between the Americans and Indians, a war which continued, with



Navajo Woman Baking Bread. She wears the ordinary costume of women of the tribe.

only short intervals of peace, until the time that the colonization of southern Utah and northern Arizona was undertaken by the "Mormon" people, in the early sixties.

The Navajos, hard pressed by government forces on their

eastern frontier, saw in the exposed and poorly protected settlements of southern Utah an opportunity to recoup their losses, and a series of raids was planned and executed, which cost the



Navajo Women Carding, Spinning and Weaving. The Navajos raise their own sheep, shear them, card, spin and weave the wool into blankets, sometimes spending more than six months' time on a single blanket. The blankets sell for from a few dollars to \$150 each, according to quality.

settlers the lives of a number of their citizens, and the loss of a great amount of property. That the Indians paid dearly, in some instances, will be shown in articles which are to follow.

My Prayer

Not some, nor little good, dear Lord,
 Help me to do this day.
 But to the utmost test of strength
 Assist my feeble way.

Not one nor two good words, kind Friend,
 Persuade my tongue to speak,
 But flood my soul with glorious thought,
 For I am very weak.

Not one good deed, but many, Lord,
 Permit this day to see.
 Crowd every hour with noble toil
 And each one draw to Thee.

Susa Young Gates

What Doth it Profit a Man?

Worldly Gain Eternal Loss

By James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve

"For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Mark 8:36, 37).

These are questions put by the Teacher of teachers. They are related; we may consider them as one. Simple, like unto all the Master's teachings—for high precept and profound philosophy are embodied in the interrogatory—the question is searching, peremptory, challenging. Who that hears or reads can brush it aside? Compelling in its incisive brevity, it is of haunting directness. Once considered, even cursorily, it will not down; once admitted to the inner consciousness, it will not out. The baubles of earth are set over against the priceless jewels of heaven; the fleeting things of mortality are put in contrast with the enduring verities of eternity.

Granted that this is a material world, and that experience in material affairs is a pervading and indispensable element in the curriculum of life's school, it is no less truly a fact that earth-life is neither the beginning nor the end of individual existence and progression.

Material belongings, relative wealth or poverty, physical environment—the *things* on which we are prone to set our hearts and anchor our aspirations, the *things* for which we sweat and strive, oftentimes at the sacrifice of happiness and to the forfeiture of real success—these after all are but externals, the worth of which in the reckoning to come shall be counted in terms of the use we have made of them.

Is the plow more than the field to be furrowed, or the sickle than the ripened grain? Can gold stay the hunger pangs better than the nourishing food that the money may buy?

The context with which occurs the crucial interrogation quoted above points the question sharply: *"Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it."*

The cross to be taken up may be heavy, perhaps to be dragged because too burdensome to be borne. We are apt to assume that self-denial is the sole material of our cross; but this is true only as we regard self-denial in its broadest sense, comprising both positive and negative aspects. One man's cross may consist mostly in refraining from doings to which he is inclined,

another's in doing what he would fain escape. One's besetting sin is evil indulgence; his neighbor's a lazy inattention to the activities required by the Gospel of Jesus Christ, coupled perchance with puritanical rigor in other observances.

But the great question, striking home to every thoughtful soul, is that of the Master—*"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"* (Matt. 16:26).

It is possible then for a man to lose his own soul. To deny is to reject the Lord's own doctrine. The safeguard against such incalculable loss is specifically indicated—to *follow the Savior*; and this can mean only *keeping His commandments*, whatever the temporary suffering or worldly sacrifice may be.

The occasion of Christ's question with its accompanying brief but forceful discourse was this: He had reiterated to the disciples, with greater directness than ever before, the facts of His approaching death and the ignominy that would be forced upon Him. Peter, impetuous and impulsive as ever, exclaimed *"Be it far from thee Lord: this shall not be unto thee."* In that remark, though well-intended and bold, lay the suggestion that Jesus should avert the impending tragedy to Himself, and save His own life. The Lord's reply to Peter was a rebuke of the severest kind.

Then followed the avowal that one who saves his life at the cost of righteous duty shall lose it, and the comforting assurance that he who is ready to sacrifice his life in the Master's service shall find it. If this be true with life as the stake, how more so shall it be with wealth, station, worldly power, or pet but false theory and doctrine, as the thing to be gained or lost?

Consider the words of Jacob the Nephite:

"O the vainness, and the frailties, and the foolishness of men! When they are learned they think they are wise, and they hearken not unto the counsel of God for they set it aside, supposing they know of themselves—wherefore, their wisdom is foolishness and it profiteth them not. . . . Behold, the way for man is narrow but it lieth in a straight course before him; and the keeper of the gate is the Holy One of Israel; and He employeth no servant there; and there is none other way, save it be by the gate, for He cannot be deceived; for the Lord God is His name. And whoso knocketh, to him will He open; and the wise, and the learned, and they that are rich, who are puffed up because of their learning, and their wisdom, and their riches; yea, they are they, whom He despiseth; and save they shall cast these things away, and consider themselves fools before God, and come down in the depths of humility, he will not open unto them." (Book of Mormon, 2 Nephi 9).

At the Top of the Canyon

By *Claude T. Barnes*

Part II

When Stuart reached an eminence some distance up the canyon he checked the reins and looking down through the trees saw his late acquaintance walking very slowly towards the forks. He quickly unbuckled the glasses and with their great aid could see that she was holding her head down as if meditating. At last she stopped and looked for a long time in his direction evidently not discerning him, and then slowly turned and walked on. Once there appeared, where the trail rounded an aspen grove two or three hundred yards below her, three men and two women; and Stuart fairly pushed his eyes into the glasses as he sought to ascertain which could be "Jack." For a quarter of an hour he waited without again seeing anyone; and then at last three couples strolled around the aspens on their way down. The sight pierced him as an arrow; and he realized all at once that something tremendously important and serious had come into his life.

He rode upward toward the cabin. A chipmunk, darting across the trail, chattered gleefully from a nearby balsam fir; and swinging branches caused a great horned owl to skim silently away before him; but nothing diverted his eyes from his horse's dark mane.

"Ches, old boy, I'll have to confess it," he said, as he patted the animal's shoulder affectionately, "I've sure lost something. Please won't you tell me what to do?"

The sorrel, whom he had named "Chestnut," merely turned one ear back and held it there until his master ceased speaking.

"Think it over, will you, eh? Well, all right; but I tell you my life has entered a new road today," said Stuart, as he continued to pet his favorite. He rode on in silence for a time, and then suddenly, as if the idea had just come to him, he said:

"Say, Ches, she may be married."

More twisting of chestnut ears was all the answer he got, so he relapsed into silence again. As he neared the little meadow that stretched below his mountain home, however, he scanned the hills closely for a fuchsia. A pair of golden-mantled marmots in some brush close by whistled loudly at his intrusion, and

a muskrat plunged with as much noise as a horse into the calm surface of a water-cressed spring. Nowhere, however, could he see a fuchsia; and finally he led the sorrel up the hillside, through the pines to the cabin.

As the sun sank that evening it transformed the soft opal and blue of the western horizon into grenadine red and bitter sweet orange, and filled the cumulus clouds that guarded the drowsy sky with hues of unfathomable purple and lead gray. Stuart sat at his cabin door, watching the growing shadows of moonlight and the winking first lights of the city, thinking of the beautiful girl who had so deeply impressed him that now he was sorely troubled. He surmised that she must have had a college education and that her parents were well-to-do; again he pictured her as a young school teacher interested in flowers; and then that she might be married. At any rate she had shown no special interest in him. As the thought occurred to him, he uttered half seriously, "*hinc illæ lachrimæ*" and went indoors.

For an hour or more he worked assiduously at his monograph of the genus *Peromyscus*, carefully elaborating his rough field sketch of a recently discovered nest of one of these interesting mice; but all efforts to forget "her" were unavailing. Then he thought that he, who had always found his chief solace in books and nature, should be strong enough to resist sentimentality—he, who had always weighed things in the unfeeling crucible of science. Then mockery suddenly came from the slopes:

"At twilight time when the lights are lit,
Father Coyote comes to sit
At the chaparral's edge, on the mountain side—
Comes to listen and deride."

He felt that even beloved nature was laughing at him; and as the garrulous jargon of the animal echoed into a thousand voices, he paused to hear:

"His reckless caroling, shrill and clear—
His terse and swift and valorous troll,
Ribald, rollicking, scornful, droll,
As one might sing in coyotedom:
'Ye ho ho and a bottle of rum!'"

Then at last, as he lay still, he heard in the solemn sough of the majestic pines the sweet whispering and echoes of "her" voice.

At sunrise the search for a fuchsia began. Lonesome though the life of the forest ranger undoubtedly is, to one unaccustomed to it, its very isolation affords excellent opportunity for observation and study to him who is so inclined; and here perhaps was the secret of Stuart's being there. Despite the fact that the work was hard and the rides long, there always seemed to be

time to peep into a junco's nest or examine with the glass a striking piece of mineralized rock. This day it was the fuchsia.

He reached the ridge after an arduous climb, flushing a covey of dusky grouse from a mighty solitary pine near the top; and then followed a bear-trail through groves of service berries until he came to the head of Bear Canyon. He rode down its tortuous trails for a mile or more seeing thousands of beautiful flowers. Sweet-scented sulphur flowers adorned the slopes, while the alpine hollows were resplendent with a glorious array of color. White columbines, blue larkspurs, red Indian paint brushes, yellow cut-leaved balsam roots, American columbos of turquoise hues, scarlet gillias, delicate clarkias, wild geraniums and bright yellow goose tansies painted the scene.

Once he came upon a rare species of golden rod, which had only recently been named for an acquaintance; and was pleased thus to be able to extend its range; but was sorely disappointed at finding no fuchsia. As he passed under a shaded ledge, cooled with lingering snow, he noticed that peculiar plant called "Greenland lousewort" growing in its seepage. Its red elephant's trunk protruded from a mass of flowers; and he marveled at its choice of habitat.

In one heavily shaded place beneath the pines he discovered a corpse plant, a colorless, waxy, cold, clammy, leafless parasite devoid of green, bearing oblong-shaped bell flowers of the sickening whiteness of the dead. It filled him with a peculiar melancholy, even to look at it.

On his way back he was delighted to catch a glimpse of two mule-deer fawns following their mother; their once conspicuous spots were now quite dim. He reached the cabin long after sundown, tired and unhappy.

For three days he searched in vain, but on the fourth he was rewarded by finding several fine specimens of the precious fuchsias far over in Wilson canyon, many miles away. Carefully he dug up several brilliant plants and took them unbroken to the cabin.

Far into the night Stuart worked with the flowers. He took pieces of corrugated pasteboard, which he had long used for such a purpose, and pressed several of the beautiful plants between the boards into a neat bundle. The remaining fuchsias he hung up on the wall.

The next morning as Stuart trudged through the forest, a piece of cerulean blue of heaven flushed from beside him and, chattering saucily, flitted over a gulch and was absorbed in the foliage of a distant fir. It was the long-crested jay, the handsomest bird of the mountains. After a short pursuit he procured it and admired its rich blue and turquoise plumage as he returned. He peeled off a strip of birch bark on his way.

For hours he worked, mounting the stately bird into the pose that its proud crest and elegant shape demanded, finally pegging its feet securely to a small pine limb. He then put it aside to dry and spent the afternoon riding through the forest.

The next day it rained; and far into the night the great crags and peaks of the mountain were exposed by streaks of weird lightning, while deep thunder echoed and reverberated through the wild, dark chasms of the canyon. The pines of the forest squeaked and groaned as they rubbed each other in the wind and once a crash rent the air as a tall monarch fell prostrate to the ground. It was an awful night to spend alone; but it did not trouble Stuart; and the morning was as crisp and clear as dew.

Though Stuart had frequently searched the canyon below with the field glasses, he had seen no sign of the return of his friend; but now he felt somehow that the time had come.

After saddling "Ches" he took the bundle containing the pressed fuchsias, the birch bark and the mounted jay, and rode down the canyon to the spruce tree where he had said "good-bye." Well under the thick overhanging limbs of the evergreen, he placed the bundle of fuchsias and on top of it he stood the beautiful mounted blue jay. On the dry birch bark he carefully wrote the following:

Precious flower of beauteous mold,
Your cluster of hairy leaves unfold
Along your slender stem, blossoms fair
Of scarlet, spectrum and carmine rare,
Adorning the sunny rocks with flame,
Touching all the mountains with your fame.

* * * * *

You're a fuchsia of bright, red blood
Drooping as if dripped from broken heart;
How happy you must be to be led
To her whose love for you will not part.

He securely tied the bark about the bird's neck and giving a long look at the ensemble turned his horse again up the hill.

Thereafter each day he scanned the canyon with the glasses; but seldom saw anyone and not the least sign of her. One day he took a ride down to the spruce trees to make sure; but was disappointed in finding the blue jay still mutely on guard and quite undisturbed.

Each evening the purple and crimson of the western sky formed earlier, and not only the nights but also the days were delightfully cool. Yellow and Audubon warblers sang no more in the pines; and as on deciduous trees the first tints of autumn began to appear their leaves were gradually becoming crisp preparatory to the final flutter back to the soil.

Fires had kept Stuart very busy, but one day towards the last of September he again rode down to the spruce in spite of the fact that he had seen no one. To his great delight the fuchsias and bird were gone while suspended from a lower limb of the spruce was a little note tied with tough, dried grass. He hurriedly untied the paper and read the following written in a neat feminine hand:

Thank you for fuchsias, dear blue jay;
And your turquoise feathers are fine.
Promise you'll not forget what I say:
A grouse for Christmas by the pine.

Alice.

So her name was "Alice!" Stuart's face lit with joy as he read. Surely she could not be married or she would not have signed so. Then as he reread the note he could not be sure that it was not written merely for fun. He read it again—"Christmas;" could that be an invitation? The more he studied it the more he concluded that it might mean nothing or it might mean all. Yet he had her answer and her name in her handwriting; and he began to feel very happy, indeed. Perhaps she really intended to brave her way up the hills on Christmas; she had said she was a better climber than the rest.

There was nothing to indicate when the note had been written; but he concluded that "Alice" had as before left her friends at the forks below and come to the spruce tree alone for had she not taken the time to answer with a verse? Stuart wondered what "Jack" had thought of the fuchsias and the jay and whether he had agreeably carried the bundle home, and what explanation had Alice given. These and a hundred other queries entered his mind as he rode up the trail again. He left no answer, for it was quite evident that he would see no more of Alice until Christmas, if, indeed, then.

Thereafter Stuart was happy as he rode the hills. The white-tailed deer that were fattening on acorns were to him sweet companions; and he told his secret to a pet squirrel as if the little crumb-eater understood. At night in his cabin he sat for hours seeing pictures of Alice glow in the burning logs. He gathered wild candytuft and specimens of the strawberry, buttercup and many other plants, which he pressed for her. He watched the lower hillsides lighten into crimsons, carmines and browns; and saw great wedges of geese shimmer in the sunshine as they flew over the valley. Then one morning in November he awoke to find the pines laden with snow, which had come as a dream in the night time. Soon thereafter the white-tailed deer ceased their battles and assembled in happy families, a group of eight individuals taking up a stand in the quaking

aspens just below him in the canyon. Stuart loved their society and never disturbed them though he did think of venison for Christmas dinner.

The summer birds had long since gone and now chickadees, cross-bills, pine grosbeaks, pine siskins, juncos, magpies and jags kept him company. Once by good luck he came upon that rare winter bird, the snowy owl, the first he had ever seen in the woods. He took it after a long tramp through the woods and then mounted it as a Christmas present for Alice. In spite of the dull foreboding that he would never see Alice again he could not resist the inclination to make every preparation for her coming on Christmas. How she should ever get there he seldom stopped to consider, but confidently believed that if she cared she would come.

Day after day throughout December, the city in the valley was covered with a thick mantle of dark smoke; and Stuart wondered how Alice could live in such an atmosphere. Perhaps she had long since gone East to school or even home. How could he know; and the thought gave him pain.

One morning as Stuart stepped out of the cabin door, he came suddenly upon a bear's footprints, which from their enormous size and the fact that the claws made little round holes in the snow several inches in front of the foot, he at once knew to have been made by a grizzly. A serious look went over his face, for he knew that the black bears had long since gone to sleep and that only a grizzly would wander about in the dead of winter. A grizzly anywhere anytime must not be taken lightly, which, also, from previous experience, Stuart knew.

Going to the cabin he took up his new Winchester, which used a cartridge of the army size with, however, a terrible soft-pointed nose; and struck out on the huge animal's spear. It is astonishing how far a big grizzly can travel in a day. Several times Stuart came upon places where it had literally ploughed up ground a rod square with its mightly claws, all for a tiny mouse or sleeping rodent; but not once did he see the shaggy brute itself. A grizzly, however, like other animals, has its favorite neighborhood, and Stuart determined always to have his rifle close at hand during the remainder of the winter.

Finally the snow grew deeper and Christmas was but a day or so off. Stuart procured without much difficulty a fine, young white-tailed buck and carefully dressed it; and then the day before Christmas he shot half a dozen dusky grouse as they moped in the pines. He arranged the meagre furniture of the cabin as neatly as he could, but felt the need of something to indicate the approach of Christmas. He cut a handsome blue spruce about three feet high and nailed it into the corner of the cabin; and then beneath the snow of a lower slope he found some trail-

ing barberry. The leaves were delightfully fresh and of wonderful variegation. Most of them were dark green above and biscay green below; but others were of almost every shade and tint. One cluster was of a beautiful pansy purple; another rose-red washed with capucine orange; while many more varied from a spinach green to claret brown. With this striking array of color Stuart made several pleasing Christmas wreaths, one of which he nailed on the cabin door and the others he hung inside. He marveled that people should import holly when this pretty barberry is always to be found in the Wasatch.

Finally the arrangements were all complete and he rested in peace in the vain hope that a Santa Claus would appear on the morrow. Deep in his heart he felt certain that he would be disappointed, yet he took a delight in acting as if everything would turn out exactly as he had pictured it.

Christmas morning in the canyon was clear and cold. Stuart was up early and long before any one might have been expected he was scanning the white trail below with his glasses. No sign of life appeared and he even mistook a porcupine in one of the aspens for a magpie's old nest until the lethargic animal moved, and knawed at fresh bark.

While he was waiting and walking about the cabin yard, he noticed that the grizzly had some time during the night visited the place where he had put the refuse from the deer; and so fresh were the tracks that he concluded his coming forth had actually been the cause of its leaving. That it lurked about nearby, he did not doubt; but as he could not pursue grizzly this day he merely took the precaution of carrying his rifle. He slipped a few reloaded cartridges into the magazine as much for the purpose of signalling for Alice and her party as for any other, and waited.

The sun rose high in the clear, blue canopy above him and towards noon was so warm that beads of water began to drip from the long icicles of the cabin roof. Stuart waited and waited, determined not to eat dinner unless Alice should come. It was a lovely day and he really believed that she might actually venture the trip. He longed for her more than he had thought it possible to long for anyone.

Towards two o'clock in the afternoon Stuart fancied that he caught a glimpse of someone at the forks; and to be certain he walked down the trail about three hundred yards to a point where it passed through the willows close by the tall pines. He was about to put the field glasses to his eyes when a peculiar noise up the slope under the pines diverted his attention. He turned quickly and to his amazement saw the huge grizzly not over twenty yards away standing eight feet high and looking menacingly towards him. It was swinging its head from side to

side and opening and shutting its lips with a peculiar choppy noise, as if uncertain what to do for it had evidently been surprised by his quiet approach in the snow.

Stuart slowly raised his gun and with truly admirable coolness took careful aim at the mighty brute's heart and fired. It was not sooner done than he realized his perilous position as any bear charges more readily and effectively downhill. One shot will not ordinarily stop a grizzly for so great is its tenacity that one has been known to swim a mile after having been shot actually through the heart.

The ugly animal instantly bit at its breast where Stuart's bullet had entered and then furiously charged. As quickly as possible Stuart operated the lever of his gun and aiming this time above the bear's gleaming teeth, pressed the trigger. A mere snap! The reloaded cartridge was defective! An ashy horror swept over Stuart's face as the savage monster came right on only five yards away. With the rapidity of lightning he again worked the lever, and before the gun was to his shoulder fired point blank into the grizzly's neck. But too late; for at that instant it grabbed the gun with its awful jaws and with a sweep of its gruesome claws struck him to the ground as a man would a doll, tearing awful gashes on his left shoulder and down his left arm.

The great animal rushed on and stood above him madly sinking its ghastly teeth into the stock of the gun. Stuart cowed beneath breathlessly watching the bloody foam spray from its ominous mouth; and all the incidents of his life seemed crowded into a second as he expected every instant to be thrust into eternity. A heavy front foot almost crushed him with its weight and he could not move. Suddenly the bear began to utter a sort of whining bawl and to bite and tear furiously with its jaws at the willows that overhung them and kept flipping in its face. This was a ray of hope for when a bear acts that way it is surely dying. It bit willows as thick as his wrist clear in two seemingly having forgotten him in the desperate agony of its death; and such frantic, awful power he thought no jaws could possess. Suddenly the terrible blow, the oppressive weight and the agony of suspense became more than he could endure and with a gasp for breath his mind sank into oblivion.

Stuart had not been mistaken in his glimpse down the canyon for Alice, Jack and four other companions were actually above the forks wending their way up the trail. Alice was the inspiration of the journey and by one inducement or another had prevailed upon her friends to try this wintry adventure. Jack alone had demurred for he sensed in the neatly pressed fuchsias a meaning deeper than Alice disclosed. He was quite disagreeable

as they prodded up the snow, constantly suggesting difficulties and urging his friends to return. Alice's warm enthusiasm, however, won the day and there they were.

As they passed the balsam tree they could plainly see the thick blue smoke winding up through the pines from the ranger's cabin; and nothing would satisfy Alice but to press onward towards it.

Suddenly the canyon walls echoed with the loud report of Stuart's gun, then again; and then silence. At last the awful dying bawl of the grizzly came down to them through the clear mountain air. They needed no further urging for though they could not understand the sounds they knew the result would be interesting if not tragic.

Alice led them all at an arduous pace which she did not slacken when the portentous bawl of the bear subsided. Finally they reached the upper flat and the pines. As they passed the bend Alice shrieked for there before her in the trail was a man flat on his back with a huge grizzly lying across one of his legs. The party stopped in horror; but gradually got courage as the bear did not move, and slowly approached. Finally when they got a glimpse of the animal's head they observed that its mouth was full of bloody willows but that it was apparently dead. Alice uttered a new exclamation of concern as she recognized Stuart; and without further precaution rushed to him and lifted his head into her lap. The bear was dead! A dozen or more willows were torn up by the roots and it was awful to behold the terrible power of its jaws, even in death filled with foam-smeared branches! The snow was scarlet with blood.

With considerable effort Albert Fuller and Joe Eynon pulled Stuart's leg from under the lubbering body but Jack seemed paralyzed with Alice's actions, for she was rubbing Stuart's forehead with snow and repeating over and over: "Oh, he's not dead" and in every way expressing the sweetest solicitude as if oblivious to the presence of her companions. Finally Stuart opened his eyes and a look of supreme happiness went over his face as he saw Alice.

Stuart's left arm was terribly lacerated and his left leg seriously sprained if not broken. At Alice's command the boys carried him up to the cabin and placed him on the bed. He was bleeding profusely. Despite Stuart's injury they all quickly noted the little Christmas tree, the barberry wreaths, the many books, the fuchsias on the wall, the venison and the grouse and the beautiful mounted snowy owl. One by one they read the little card: "Merry Christmas to A. from S." on the owl; and when Stuart was for the moment comfortable, Alice herself stepped over and read it, blushing deeply but not saying a word.

It was quite evident that Stuart's injuries needed medical

attention at once for infection frequently results from a bear's claws. Joe and Albert quickly cut two thin pines and tied a heavy quilt on them forming a stretcher. Alice and Mary Rose-year tenderly wrapped Stuart's arm and then the cavalcade slowly proceeded down the canyon.

About a mile below the forks they came to Alice's automobile, which the party had been able to drive that far on their way up. Stuart, who was in great pain, nevertheless suggested that the grizzly's pelt would make a beautiful rug and that the grouse and venison ought to be brought down. Alice, therefore, asked Albert and Joe to go back up the canyon to skin the bear, saying that she would send Jack back with the car for them.

Stuart thanked Alice and her friends for their kindness to him assuring them that he would be ever thankful if they would merely take him to the hospital. Alice said nothing, however, except to tell Jack to drive home. He and Alta Barker sat in the front seat while Mary and Alice made Stuart as comfortable as possible behind.

In less than an hour they drove into the yard of Alice's fine, big home; and her father, a clean cut, gray-haired business man, and her kindly mother assisted in removing Stuart into the house. He was carried to a spacious bedroom on the second floor, his quick eyes taking in the luxurious nature of his surroundings. Within a quarter of an hour the doctor came, and with him a private nurse. The physician dressed Stuart's wounds and explained that while his leg was not broken it was badly sprained; but he believed that within a week's time Stuart would be able to get up again.

An hour afterward, when the doctor, Mary and Alta had gone, and the nurse had left Stuart comfortable, he was apparently sleeping. Alice stole quietly into the room and for a moment stood admiring the handsome head on the pillow. Her heart fluttered as she felt Stuart's very presence draw her to him as a magnet. Suddenly she noticed his coat, which still lay over a chair where the doctor had placed it; and the inside pocket disclosed a letter. She could not resist the inclination to draw the envelope forth and find out the name of the man who seemed already to possess her happiness.

It was evidently merely a business letter but the envelope disclosed a world of information. It was addressed to:

"Dr. Stuart K. Jefford" and the upper left hand corner contained the words: "Biological Survey, Washington, D. C."

Alice was not surprised; in fact she had somewhat expected it.

Quickly she surmised: "Doctor of Science—official at Washington—out West on special research—and oh! probably married!"

The injured man groaned slightly with pain. Alice quickly replaced the envelope and walked to his side. Stuart opened his eyes; and smiled happily as he saw her sitting there alone.

"Can I do anything, Mr. Jefford?" she said quietly.

"You know me, then. No thank you; only my heart is full of gratitude for what you have done. I am very sorry to have caused you all this trouble."

"It isn't any trouble, and then it was so sweet of you to get me a fuchsia," she replied.

"And I thought you would never come for it;" he sighed as he lifted his hand to his forehead and let it drop on the covers again. It fell against hers; and she made no effort to remove it. Their faces both flushed slightly and as they looked into each other's eyes a world of meaning was at once conveyed. Stuart slowly pressed his fingers about her hand, and finding her unresisting, without saying a word gradually pulled her lovely head towards him.

"Tell me, tell me honestly, won't you please," he whispered. "Is this Jack's Christmas or mine?"

"It's yours, Stuart," she responded as she yielded her lips to his in a long kiss that told its own story.

The End.

The Loss, the Cross, the Pain, the Tear

'Tis not in vain we suffer so;

Life's stream is purified;

The torrents smoothly glide below,

That loathe the mountain-side.

And strength is born 'mid throes of pain;

Eyes clearly see that weep;

The heart bowed down will rise again;

We sow before we reap.

So God's decrees, one endless round,

We'll find are wisest, best;

No stitches dropped, no threads unwound,

The woof withstands the test.

Lydia D. Alder.

Died in Service

*"Loose me from fear, and make me see aright
How each has back what once he stayed to weep—
Homer his sight, David his little lad."*

John D. Borden, Hazelton, Idaho, was reported killed in action.

Henry J. Lefever was reported killed while fighting on the Western front. He was a resident of Spry, Utah.

Henry F. Hall, son of Mrs. A. A. Strom, of Midvale, Utah, was killed in France, July 24, 1918. He was a member of E Battery, 18th Field Artillery.

Sergeant John W. Hogan, of Salt Lake City, member of the 469th Engineers, died in France of influenza, according to word received by his widow in Salt Lake City, November 15.

Dan Potovich, a Serbian, of Bingham, Utah, died in France of influenza. He left for army service over-seas July, 1918, had been a resident of Bingham, Utah, for a number of years, and was a highly respected citizen.

Russell Muir died of influenza recently in a hospital in France, according to a message received by his sister, in Salt Lake City. He was 23 years of age, trained at Boulder, Colo., and went to France in September.

Farrel F. Leishman, son of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Leishman, Wellsville Utah, died in France of influenza-pneumonia, October 13, 1918. He was 23 years old, entered service, April 30, 1918, and was a member of the 361st Infantry.

Harry Speight, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Speight, of Salt Lake City, died of pneumonia, in France, October 7, 1918. He was 28 years of age, and left for service May 14, 1918. He is survived by his wife, parents, and several brothers and sisters.

David Day, son of Mrs. Janie Day, of Layton, Utah, died of influenza at Camp Mills, New York, November 3, 1918. He was a member of M Company, 8th Infantry, and served three months. He was 22 years old and received his training at Camp Fremont, Cal.

Henry R. Cramer, born at Sagnish Fork 29 years ago, was killed in action on the Western front, September 29. He was a member of the 347th Machine Gun Brigade, left Salt Lake City for Camp Lewis, September, 1917, and went over seas to France, July, 1918.

Milton J. Hansen, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Hansen, of Providence, Utah, died at Camp Kearny, November 14, of pneumonia. He was 22 years of age, a member of the 46th Field Artillery Band, and unmarried. The body was brought home for burial.

Captain George A. Greenly died in France of wounds received on the battle front some time in August. He enlisted in the Marines about a year ago; October 25, left for Mare Island training camp, and early in 1918 left for the battle front in France.

Golden Hatfield, 20 years of age, son of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Hatfield, Springfield, Utah, died at Logan, Utah, November 19, 1918, of influenza-pneumonia. He was a member of the S. A. T. C., at the college, where he had entered three weeks before his death.

James M. Dodds, Panguitch, Utah, was killed in action on the Western front, October 15, 1918. He left Panguitch for Camp Lewis, October 4, 1917; sailed for France, March 4, 1918; was a member of D Company, 126th Infantry, went into the trenches in May; was 28 years old and unmarried.

Arthur Janney, son of W. H. Janney, formerly of Salt Lake City, now of Hanover, New Mexico, enlisted July, 1918, and was a member of the

Machine Gun corps, 363rd Infantry. Information was received in Salt Lake City that he died October 1, 1918, from wounds received in action.

George Parkinson, son of W. C. Parkinson, President of the Hyrum stake of Zion, Utah, died at a hospital at the Agricultural College, Logan, Utah, October 31, from influenza-pneumonia. He was a member of the S. A. T. C. at the college. A military funeral was held at the Hyrum cemetery.

Kenneth Evans, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Evans, Salt Lake City, was killed in action on the Western front, September 26, 1918. He was 23 years old, a graduate of the Salt Lake High School; received his training at Camp Lewis; left for France June 24. He has a brother, H. J. Evans, in the navy.

Otto A. Anderson, son of Mrs. E. A. Anderson, Salt Lake City, was killed in action October 16, 1918. He was born at Mink Creek, Idaho, November 29, 1892, left for Camp Lewis, June 24, 1918; his brother, Lorenzo Snow Anderson, is in the service, having enlisted during the Mexican border trouble.

Henry Smith, son of Mrs. Maggie Smith, widow, of Paris, Idaho, died at Camp Elmo, Washington, of influenza. He was 24 years of age. His body was taken home and buried at Fish Haven, Bear Lake, Idaho. The body arrived Thursday, November 7; brief open-air services were held in the cemetery on the same day.

James H. Murphy, Park City, Utah, 24 years of age, was killed in action, in France, according to notice received by his sister November 14. He was in the 91st Division, in action with the British at Valenciennes. He is survived by Ambrose Murphy, his brother in France, and William Murphy, in training in an American cantonment.

Charles Barrett, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Barrett, Provo Bench, died November 13, at Camp Kearny, from pneumonia, following influenza. He was 22 years of age, and left about two months prior to his death for training at Camp Kearny. He is survived by his parents, six brothers and four sisters. The body was brought home for burial.

Ralph Hall, son of Mrs. H. C. Hall, Ogden, Utah, died of influenza, in England, October 5. He enlisted early in the war, was sent to Camp Lewis, later transferred to England, with the 10th Battalion of Signal Corps. He was born in Ogden, Utah, July 30, 1894. He is survived by his wife, two children, his parents and several brothers and sisters.

Roy DeWitt, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. DeWitt, Logan, Utah, was killed in action in France, October 8, 1918. He was born and reared in Logan, attending the Utah Agricultural College; left for Camp Lewis, June 25, and soon afterward sailed for France. He was married to Miss Isabel Olsen, of Hyrum, ten days before his departure from Utah.

Clifford Barton, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Barton, of Ogden, died in France, of influenza, according to word received in Ogden, November 19. He was 23 years of age, went to Boulder, Colorado, May 15, 1918, and was later transferred to Camp Dodge, Iowa, from which place he went to France, in August, being in the signal corps of the 337th Field Artillery.

John S. Ferguson, son of Mrs. Annie Ferguson, died at a hospital in Liverpool, England, October 10. He was 24 years old; enlisted March 5, 1918; left for Camp Fremont, Calif., March 14, assigned to the 319th Engineers, and sailed for France early in September. He is survived by his mother, three brothers and two sisters, and a daughter six years old.

Corporal Mearl Wheelwright, Ogden, Utah, was killed in action on the French front, October 6, between Verdun and St. Mihiel salients. He left Ogden May, 1918, and went to Boulder, Colorado, then to Camp Dodge, Iowa, was made corporal and assigned to the 313th engineers, and sent over-seas. He is survived by his parents, four brothers and four sisters.

Private Francis Vere Naylor, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Naylor, Salt

Lake City, 25 years of age, died of influenza, at Los Angeles. He entered the army at Camp Kearny, April 23, 1918. He has two brothers in the service, Clifford W., at Fort Logan, Colorado, and Douglas S., American Expeditionary Force, in France. He is survived by his parents and five brothers.

William L. Leitz became a member of the United States Marine corps February 2, 1918, was reported killed in action, in France, September 15, 1918. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Leitz, of Salt Lake City, 23 years of age, and was working at the carpenter trade in Castle Gate when he enlisted. He was a member of the 6th Machine Gun Battalion 81st company.

Marion L. Jones, only son of Edward H. and Bell Leishman Jones, died at Fort Douglas, Utah, November 14, 1918. He was born at Wellsville, Utah, May 6, 1896; enlisted in the mechanical division of the University of Utah, entering service, June 15, 1918. He is survived by his parents and three sisters. Funeral services were held in Wellsville, Utah, Sunday, November 17, 1918.

Vernie L. Scott, son of Emeretta Scott, widow, of Springville, Utah, died in France, October 13, 1918, of pneumonia. He was 25 years old, born August 17, 1893, at Pleasant View, Utah. He was drafted in Rexburg, Idaho, went to Camp Lewis, June 24, 1918, then to Camp Kearny, and from New York to France in August. He is survived by his mother, two brothers and three sisters.

Arthur Tennyson Bates, 20 years of age, died of influenza at a Mare Island hospital, November 14, 1918, being the first Grantsville boy to die in the service of the United States. He enlisted in the Marine corps, October, 1918; left for Mare Island, October 30. He was born in Grantsville, July 28, 1898. He is survived by his mother and one sister, both of whom reside at Liberty, Idaho.

Thomas Hunt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Amond Hunt, Monroe, Utah, died from influenza, October 12, 1918, in England, and was buried at Winchester. He was born in Monroe, Utah, May 3, 1899, enlisted April 28, 1918, left home May 6, training at Fort Douglas, left May 18 for Camp J. E. Johnston, Fla., and on September 30, for England. He was a member of the supply company 335.

Private Gilbert L. Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Smith, of Randolph, Utah, was killed in action, in France, July 26, 1918. He enlisted in the third Wyoming Infantry, July, 1917, trained at Camp Russell, Cheyenne, Wyoming, was transferred to Camp Mills, North Carolina, whence he embarked for over seas. He is survived by his parents, one brother and one sister.

Captain Samuel P. Brooks, 403rd Engineers, died at the post isolation hospital, Fort Douglas, November 17, 1918, of influenza-pneumonia. He came to Salt Lake City from San Francisco, having resided here only two weeks. He was the first officer to die at the Fort, since influenza became an epidemic in Salt Lake. He was a student officer of the engineer officers school at the post.

Private Frederick J. Duncan, Centerville, Utah, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Duncan, died of influenza-pneumonia, at a base hospital, in France, October 18, 1918. He was 22 years old, volunteered in July, 1917, in the Utah National Guard. He left Salt Lake City, October 15, that year, for Camp Kearny, sailing for France, June, 1918, being one of the 389 men first selected for over-seas duty.

Earl S. Harper, only son of Wm. F. Harper, Smithfield, Utah, died in France, October 4, of wounds received in action. He was born in Smithfield, December 12, 1891. In September, 1917, he went to Camp Lewis, and was assigned to the 362nd Infantry, 91st Division, later transferred to the Headquarters Company, and trained in the signal work. He arrived in France about July 20, 1918.

Earl F. Crow, son of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Crow, Salt Lake City, 24 years of age, died at the front in France, September 29, 1918. He received

his military training at Camp Lewis, and went over-seas as a member of the 362nd Infantry. He was unmarried, and is survived by his parents, two brothers and two sisters. He was a cousin of Raymond Crow, the first Utah Marine killed in action.

Ross J. Bracken, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bracken, St. John, Tooele county, Utah, was reported killed on the battle front in France between Verdun and Rheims, September 17. He was born at Ophir, Utah, twenty-five years ago, left for Camp Lewis, October 3, 1917, and was a member of the 362nd Infantry, 91st division. He has six brothers and four sisters, but his parents are dead.

Junius M. Anderson, born Monroe, Utah, May 14, 1893, made the supreme sacrifice in France, October 6, 1918. News of his death arrived at Monroe, Utah, on the day of the armistice, November 11, 1918. He left for Camp Lewis, June 27, was transferred to Camp Kearny, and left for over-seas August 6. He was unmarried, and both his parents are dead. He has two brothers and four sisters.

Sergeant N. Ray Gowers, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Gowers, Nephi, Utah, was wounded in France, October 4, and died the following day. He was a member of the 362nd Infantry; enlisted at Salt Lake City, received training at Camp Lewis, sailed for France, June 20, 1918. He was a graduate of the Utah Agricultural College, was born February 26, 1892, and called into service September 3, 1917.

Alfred F. Olsen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Olsen, Brigham City, Utah, died at Camp Kearny, California, of pneumonia, November 13, 1918. He was born at Brigham City, May 13, 1898, enlisted in the army, August, 1918, went direct to Fort Logan, Colo., and a few weeks later was transferred to Camp Kearny. He was a graduate of the Box Elder High School. His parents, four brothers and five sisters survive him.

Wm. Martin, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Martin, of American Fork, Utah, 21 years of age, died of influenza at Camp Kearny, California, November 13, 1918. He came from England fifteen years ago with his parents, was well known in Church and musical activities, and was a graduate of the local high school. Besides his parents, he leaves five brothers and four sisters; the body was brought home for interment.

Harold Burrows, son of Doctor and Mrs. Arthur Burrows, Salt Lake City, died in a hospital at Pontlevay, France, of pneumonia, according to word received in Salt Lake City, November 19. He was 25 years old, a graduate of Leland Stanford University, received his training at Camp Lewis, and was one of the first Utah men ordered to France. He is survived by one sister, Mrs. Margarite Charon, Salt Lake City.

John H. Osborne, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Osborne, of Salt Lake City, died of pneumonia at Chelsea, Massachusetts, according to word received by his parents November 13, 1918. He was 19 years of age, enlisted in the United States Marines at Salt Lake City, August 11, 1916, was trained in the Mare Island navy yard, assigned to duty on the *U. S. S. Denver*, and before his illness had duties in the United States merchant marine.

Frank Walter Medell, Huntsville, Utah, died of pneumonia, at Camp Kearny, November 16, 1918. He went in training September 3, 1918; was born in Salt Lake City, October 26, 1896, and was the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Medell. He lived the main part of his life in Huntsville. The body was returned to that settlement, where funeral services were held, November 20. Besides his parents, he is survived by one sister and two brothers.

George Leonard Moor, Spanish Fork, Utah, made the supreme sacrifice for his country, being killed in action, in France, October 1, 1918. He was born in Spanish Fork, September 10, 1895; educated in the public schools; was a farmer in Idaho when he was drafted with the June, 1918, contingent. He left that same month for Camp Kearny, and went over-seas in August. He is survived by his widowed mother and a number of brothers and sisters.

R. Edward Durrant died in France, October 15, 1918, of bronchial pneumonia. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Durrant, of Spanish Fork, Utah, in which place he was born, June 8, 1893. He left for Camp Lewis October 4, 1917, and was transferred after two weeks to Camp Kearny, where he trained ten months with the 145th Field Artillery. He left for over-seas about August 5. He is survived by his parents, three brothers and five sisters.

Private Harry Estes, of Salt Lake City, son of Mrs. Alice N. Estes, born October 30, 1888, was killed at the battle front in France, according to word received in Salt Lake City, November 18, 1918. He enlisted as an automobile mechanic, February, 1918; was sent to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas; went to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and was attached to the 128th Machine Gun Battalion, going to France in June. Besides his widow and mother, he leaves two sisters and three brothers.

Theodore Gouryiot was killed in action during the fighting on the western front in France. He was born in Greece, 24 years ago; he came to America in 1910, became a naturalized citizen of the United States, entered the army June 25, 1918, received his training at Camp Lewis and had been in France only two months before meeting his death. He is survived by his parents, in Greece, and has a cousin in Magna, Utah, and was a member of Company A, 160th Infantry.

Corporal Arthur R. Green, son of Mr. and Mrs. George R. Green, of Murray, was killed in action, in France, October, 1918. He was a member of the 362nd Infantry, trained at Camp Lewis; left Salt Lake City, September 19, 1917. He had been in France several months, and is the first Winder ward, Granite stake, young man to be killed in action. He was a nephew of the late Bishop Orrin P. Miller. Besides his father and mother, he is survived by two brothers and five sisters.

William Muir Swan, son of Daniel Swan, a resident of Salt Lake City since January, 1918, was killed in action, September last. He joined the Canadian Expeditionary Force, in April, 1914. He was decorated for bravery, and had been recommended for the military medal, had been severely wounded, and again sent to the front. He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, October 11, 1891. He was a nephew of the late George Swan, of Salt Lake City. Word of his death was received November 10, 1918.

Theras Kikepalos, born in Greece, 31 years ago, came to the United States, 1909, and was a naturalized citizen, died in France, in action, according to news received November 14, by his brother in Smeltertown, Garfield. His parents survive him, and live in Greece. He enlisted in August, 1917; was trained at Camp Lewis, in F Company, 362nd Infantry; had been nine months in France. Was the first to enter the army from Smeltertown, and the first employe of the Garfield smelters to be killed in action.

Private William R. Steglist, son of Mrs. Paul Steglist, of Salt Lake City, died in France, October 18, 1918, of pneumonia. He was a member of the 145th Field Artillery, 21 years of age, born in Germany; came to this country in 1903; enlisted in the Utah National Guard, 1916; served on the Mexican border, enlisted October, 1917, and accompanied the 145th from Camp Kearny, and went to France with that organization. He is survived by his parents, one sister and six brothers, two of whom are also in the service.

William A. Robbins, Provo, Utah, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Robbins, died in England. His parents were notified by letter, November 12, of his death, October 21, 1918, and he was buried October 22, according to a letter from Captain C. A. Christy, in command of an aerial training camp at Winchester, England. The young soldier was 24 years old, enlisted in the aviation corps, December, 1917, was sent to a training camp in Texas, thence over-seas, July, 1918. He is survived by his parents, three brothers and four sisters.

Corporal George D. McMullen, son of Flora Davis, of Cleveland, Utah, made the supreme sacrifice on the battle front in France, September 26, 1918, being killed in action. He was 25 years of age, born at St. George. Enlisted September 6, 1917, was trained at Camp Lewis, transferred to Camp Merrill, New Jersey, went over-seas in July, was a member of the 362nd Infantry, 91st Division, and had been in the trenches some weeks before being killed. He is survived by his mother, step-father and several brothers and sisters.

Horace R. Argyle, son of Bishop Benjamin and Jane Argyle, Spanish Fork, Utah, died November 14, 1918, at an aviation camp in California. He was born in Spanish Fork, November 28, 1888, graduated from the University of Utah five years ago; was principal of the High School at Grayson, Utah, when he left for training in the aviation corps. While awaiting induction into service, he married Miss Edith Cluff, of Provo, Utah, 1918. His father died some eighteen months ago. His brothers, William and Sterling, are in service, the latter in France.

Hubert H. Layton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Orson Layton, of Layton, Utah, died of typhoid-pneumonia, October 19, 1918, at a base hospital. He was drafted and sent to Camp Lewis, April 17, 1917, and embarked for France in July. He was born at Layton, March 22, 1891, graduated from the Law School of the University of Utah, in the class of 1917. Married Dora Jane Bennion of Draper, Utah, October 18, 1917. His widow, and his daughter three months old, six brothers and three sisters, survive him. He was a member of the 348th Field Artillery.

Private Joshua H. Bates, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Bates, of Waanship, Utah, was killed in action in France, October 4, while operating his machine gun. He was a member of the 347th Machine Gun battalion, received his training in Camp Lewis, whither he went September, 1917, landing at a French port, July 23, 1918. He was a graduate of the North Summit High School, and took a two years' course at the University of Utah. He was 23 years of age, and entered the army after teaching school three years. He leaves his parents, three brothers and two sisters.

Private Ruben W. Radmall, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alma Radmall, died in France while in action, October 3, during the big drive. He was born at Pleasant Grove, Utah, October 15, 1890, was graduated from the B. Y. U., 1916, taught school at Tremonton, Utah, joined the National Guard, at Provo, August 4, 1917, was at Fort Douglas until October 11, went to Camp Kearny and trained with the 145th Field Artillery, embarked for France, June, 1918, served in Battery D, 15th Field Artillery. He has two brothers, Laurence L. and Millen D., at the S. A. T. C., Logan; he is survived by his parents, five brothers and four sisters.

Private Harold Manuaring, son of George and Electa Stevenson Manuaring of Salt Lake City, died in France, October 16, 1918, from wounds received in action. He enlisted November, 1917, in the Marines, was trained at Quantico, Va., left for France, May 21, 1918, was assigned to the Fifth Regimental Machine Gun Company, and went into the trenches immediately upon his arrival in France. His last letter was written during the night, September 20, in the Argonne woods. Besides his mother, he leaves one sister and three brothers, one of whom, Charles F., is in Company I, 160th Infantry, in active service in France.

Private Roni C. Ahlquist, son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl A. Ahlquist, of Sugar House ward, Salt Lake City, died October 4, 1918, from wounds received in action while fighting in France. He was the only son in the family, and was born November 13, 1886, in Salt Lake City. He left home with drafted men, October 3, 1917, for Camp Lewis, was then sent to Long Island, and left for France about December 12, 1917. In his last letter he told of going over the top three times in different sectors, but said nothing of being wounded. His last letter was dated August 29, 1918. He is survived by

his parents and three sisters. He filled a mission to Sweden, where he labored in the Stockholm conference.

Captain James B. Austin, son of Mrs. E. O. Howard, Salt Lake City, died in France, October 9 or 10, from wounds received in battle while leading his company to victory. He was a member of General Dickman's Company, 38th Regiment, Third Division Infantry. Was born in Kansas City, Missouri, 32 years ago, received his early education in Salt Lake City, attended the second officers training camp at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, and on leaving camp, one year ago, was commissioned First Lieutenant. He was sent to Camp Greene, N. C., where he remained during the winter of 1917-18, and in March, 1918, was ordered over-seas. He won his commission as Captain while in active duty. He is survived by his wife and two children, now in Omaha.

Captain Parley R. Christensen, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. C. C. A. Christensen, of Ephraim, Utah, was killed in action, in France, October 13, 1918. He was a member of the 325th Infantry. He enlisted in Battery A of the Utah Artillery, 1898; went to the Philippines, where he saw service against the Spaniards, returning, in 1899; served a three years' enlistment with the hospital corps; enlisted for the third time, and was in the service on the Arizona-Mexico border with the 13th Infantry; later was an instructor in the Georgia Military Academy, and was promoted to a captaincy when the war started with Germany, being assigned to the 324th Infantry, National Army; here he trained at Camp Jordon, Georgia, until April, 1918, when his regiment embarked for France.



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AMERICANS TRAMPING TOWARD THE RHINE

In combat formation these Yankee doughboys are seen advancing to the firing line through a wood in Alsace, a territory which, before 1914, was on the map as "Germany," now in the hands of the Allies.

Accompanied by Their Most Severe Censure

By F. H. Sweet

Two of the trains had already pulled up the company's wharf to the main line, and a third was sending out its last signaling whistle, when a girl hurried down Track 9 with a basket covered by a napkin, evidently containing luncheon.

Messenger 16 was swaying unsteadily at the open door of a car, and the girl went straight to him, her eyes bright, her cheeks flushed. But as she drew near she recoiled suddenly, a look of terror coming to her face.

"Petro," her white lips tried to say, but no sound came from them.

The man passed a hand across his brow, weakly, holding to the car by the other. The girl went a step nearer.

"What does it mean?" her voice quivered hoarsely. "Oh, Petro!"

Something in the agony of the cry seemed to penetrate the dulling brain of the man, for a tremor went through him, and he straightened suddenly, as though by a great effort. The dull eyes opened and shut heavily, and again the hand passed across the forehead, as if to force some intelligence into the clogged brain. Then:

"D-don't speak like that, girlie," an unrecognizable voice mumbled. "I'm not—drunk. I never drank a drop in my life. You know I—speak—true. It's a d-r-ug," his voice drifting back again into the stupor.

The girl was beside him with a swift movement, the basket thrust into the car, her hands placed firmly upon his shoulders, her eyes close and gazing straight into his, lovingly, compellingly.

"Petro," the voice forcing itself into clearness and steadiness, "look at me now, hard. What is it? Think."

The man made a supreme effort.

"It was Messenger 12—Timet, you know."

She knew. She had refused Timet's love.

"He offered me a drink of water, and I took it. Then he crossed to Track 3, and jumped on board his train. It was—the one that just pulled out."

"But what did he do it for?"

"D-don't you understand, Lasia?" a sharp agony quivering in

the voice. "This trip was to furnish the money for our wedding. Timet knew it. He planned it just before my train starts, so I will lose the trip. There is no time to find a sub-stitute. My train will go—without me, and the company will be angry, and discharge me for drunkenness; and—and—" his eyes again becoming dull and his form swaying more heavily—"and—I'm losing myself. I can't see you. Quick, girlie, find the—manager and tell him it isn't drink. A—a discharged messenger cannot—get work anywhere."

He lurched forward and would have fallen, but she caught him in her strong, supple arms. A quick glance both ways showed no one was near. The fruit train on Track 5 was just leaving the wharf, and 6 was sounding its last warning call. Half carrying and half leading him, she hurried Messenger 16 to the nearest entrance, only a few yards away. Several drays were standing about waiting for a job. She motioned imperiously to the owner of the nearest.

"Listen, Petro," she said, slowly, putting her lips close to the ear of the now almost insensible man in an effort to make him hear and comprehend: "I am going to send you home. You must not worry a bit. I will fix it all right."

He was holding his train papers tightly, and she unclasped them gently from his fingers. Then, as the drayman came forward, "Take this man to his home at once, 12 Rue Citronelle. Here is a dollar."

Inside, she again glanced sharply around. A man was running in her direction, heading toward the rear of the train. She recognized him as a friend of Petro's.

"Hello, Miss Lasia," he called. "Come to see Petro off again, have you? He's a lucky fellow. But you must excuse my hurry. This train pulls out in three minutes, and I must reach my section."

Lasia could hear her heart thumping in its anxiety.

"Your section is in the rear, I suppose?" she questioned, with assumed carelessness.

"Yes," over his shoulder, "the 18 rear cars. I'm Messenger 28. Petro has the forward 20 cars. I switch off at Memphis for Jefferson City, and Petro goes on to Columbus."

As he hurried away, the girl's face cleared. She had learned all she wanted to know. Placing her hands upon the floor of the car she gave a light spring and was within, sliding the door quickly behind her. A few moments later her own train bell rang and then the car began to move forward.

She never had been on a train before—never been out of New Orleans. But her father had been a banana messenger, and Petro had many times told her the details of his trips. She must manipulate the ventilators of her 20 cars so as to have the

heat just right to bring the bananas to prime marketable condition when she reached her destination. A few degrees too much either way might mean the loss of a good many thousand dollars to the company.

It was a hard trip, for the outside thermometer rose from 31 degrees to 70 degrees in six hours, and the next morning was back again to 31 degrees, and falling. It meant a constant shifting of the ventilators, with an impossibility of keeping the car thermometers from fluctuating uneasily. Zero weather could have been infinitely preferable, for then the ventilators would have remained closed, and the fruit would have generated enough heat of its own to prevent freezing.

That night and the next day the girl did not trust herself to sit down once, for fear she might get drowsy and momentarily relax her vigilance. Too much depended on obtaining the best results just now.

She was careful to keep herself out of sight, and this she was able to do the more readily on account of the train making few stops. At Memphis the rear section was switched off to connect with a train west, and her own was attached to a train which had just pulled in from Galveston, the engine returning to New Orleans with a lot of empty cars.

A few hours later, at a watering stop, the new conductor caught sight of her as he was hurrying along the train. She was just sliding the door, but too late.

"Hello," he cried, pausing a moment—tramp?"

Lasia slid back the door.

"No, sir," she answered, quietly, holding up the papers she had taken from Petro; "I am in charge of this section. I haven't had a chance to see you before."

The conductor gave a long whistle, which ended in an apologetic cough. But his face lengthened visibly.

"What's the company thinking of?" he ejaculated hotly. "Next we know, girls will be put in as conductors and engineers and brakemen." Then he hurried away, still choking resentfully.

Seven days later, Lasia entered the company's office at New Orleans. The manager himself happened to be in, and he seemed to recognize her by the papers she carried in her hand. He came forward quickly.

But at that moment a figure which had been lounging about the street door—a white, anxious-faced man who had been peering into the office most of the time for the last week—also saw her and rushed in. She turned to him first.

"How are you, Petro?" she asked, eagerly—"all right?"

"Yes, yes—but you? What have you been up to, girly? This office has been full of talk."

The manager was beside them now.

"Is this Miss Lasia?" he inquired.

"Yes. Here are the receipts your commission agents gave me. They said the fruit was in prime condition."

The manager glanced over the papers hurriedly.

"Yes, yes; they're all right," he said. "But we knew that before. Our agents wired us that the fruit was in the very best condition—as good as they had ever received. I—I hardly know what to do about this. It's a most untoward thing, and should receive our severest censure; and yet you do as well as our very best messenger—better almost. I suppose we shall have to pass it over. But such a thing must never happen again. No," as her gaze went inquiringly toward Petro; "we have not discharged him. He may go on the next trip. And you—well, it was a most untoward thing. But I suppose you did the best you could under such short notice. You may stop at the cashier's window for your money, and—yes, there's a little recognition for you there also. You saved us from a possible great loss. But remember, the recognition is accompanied by our most severe censure."

Waynesboro, Va.



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HOW PIONEERS MADE WAY FOR INFANTRY ADVANCE

Through the marshes of the Belgian front, the pioneers cut the enemy wire entanglements, and in other ways facilitated the infantry advance. These fellows preceded an attack and cleared the path. This sort of work entailed great risk.

The Efficient Mutual

A Recreational, Educational and Spiritual Center

By Prof. Osborne J. P. Widtsoe

The Aim

"Search the scriptures," exhorted Jesus, "for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me." As always, Jesus announced in this admonition an eternal truth, applicable not only to the specific case in hand, but to any and every problem that might arise. The prophets have always been inspired men of God, who have spoken as the Spirit of God has given them utterance. It is always safe, therefore, to search the Scriptures. If the prophets have had a right to say about the matter for which we are looking, we may rest assured that it is right. In the Scriptures we do find the way of eternal life. They testify of the truth.

Now, when we attempt to discover what should characterize an efficient mutual, we are at once confronted by the question, Why does the M. I. A. exist? What is the purpose of the M. I. A.? To these questions there might possibly be given as many answers as there are questioners, were it not for the fact that the Prophet—the Prophet of God—has defined the Mutual Improvement Association under the inspiration of the Spirit of God. So, heeding the admonition of Jesus, we search the Scriptures. They testify of the truth.

The Prophet, Brigham Young, said in 1875 to the young men whom he had called to begin the work of the Mutual Improvement Association, "Mutual Improvement of the youth; establishment of individual testimonies of the truth and magnitude of the great Latter-day work; the development of the gifts within them, that have been bestowed upon them by the laying on of the hands of the servants of God; cultivating a knowledge and an application of the eternal principles of the great science of life."

Again, the Prophet said, "It is our desire that these institutions should flourish, that our young men may grow in a comprehension of and faith in the holy principles of the gospel of eternal salvation; and furthermore have an opportunity to and be encouraged in bearing testimony to and speaking of the truths of our holy religion. Let the consideration of these truths and principles be the groundwork and leading idea of

every such association; and on this foundation of faith in God's great Latter-day work, let their members build all useful knowledge, by which they may be useful in the establishment of his kingdom. Each member will find that happiness in this world mainly depends on the work he does and the way in which he does it."

Here is stated in inspired words the aim, the purpose, the "groundwork and leading idea" of the Mutual Improvement Associations. Upon the foundation of faith in God's great latter-day work, may be builded all kinds of useful knowledge. The association may study what they will—but always with faith in God, in his Son Jesus Christ, and in God's great latter-day work as the "leading idea,"—and for the purpose that the association members may become useful in the establishment of God's kingdom.

Analyzed, the Prophet's statement of the aim of the M. I. A. yields these points.

1. The M. I. A. should establish individual testimony of the truth and magnitude of the great Latter-day work.

2. The M. I. A. should help develop the gifts within its members confirmed upon them by the laying on of the hands of the servants of God.

3. The M. I. A. should cultivate a knowledge and application of the eternal principles of the great science of life (the art of living).

4. The groundwork and leading idea of every association should be faith in God's great Latter-day work.

5. The end, or result, of the association's endeavors should be the turning out of young men efficient in God's service—men who may be useful in the establishing of God's kingdom—men endued with the desire of action, spiritual service—men who have learned that happiness in this world depends mainly upon the work they do—the service they render—and the way in which they do it.

Naturally the full, efficient M. I. A. is that which successfully achieves the five requirements here laid down by the Prophet. And to satisfy as nearly as may be these five requirements must be the aim of every M. I. A.

The Elements

But how to do so?

Having presented the aim of the M. I. A., as declared by the Master-builder, Brigham Young, let me now suggest a few points essential to the efficient mutual. The work of the M. I. A. officers is naturally of two kinds: 1. the work of getting; 2. the work of holding. Into these should be woven the great desideratum—the end for which we solicit membership and

labor to hold it—the work of helping young men to become firmly grounded in the faith, and to become spiritually active in the up-building of righteousness upon the earth. These general divisions, I shall consider in the order named.

Getting

The efficient M. I. A. has an active and effective recruiting system, by means of which the association and its mission are brought home to every member of the ward. This is not the place to discuss methods of doing missionary work. The methods must necessarily vary with respective wards. But this at least the alert M. I. A. president will do. He will have a full and complete register of every person of mutual age residing in his ward; he will, himself, visit or have visited every person registered; he will keep in close touch with all new arrivals, and solicit their membership in the M. I. A., and he will not cease his missionary labors after the first visit in September, but he will continue to visit from time to time, and to importune, until—as in the parable of the unrighteous judge—his importuning will prevail. Read over the five points of purpose. Has any M. I. A. officer the right to cease from his labors until he has done his utmost to bring every member in the ward under the spiritual guidance of this benign and glorious aim? The M. I. A. officer who is content to conduct his association with only those who volunteer commits a great fault of omission. Such an officer cannot build up an efficient Mutual. *The efficient M. I. A. carries its mission out to the ward, and does not cease from its efforts until every member of it has been labored with, not seven times, but seventy times seven.*

Helping

The efficient M. I. A. holds in regular attendance the members that it once gets enrolled. The principles of holding are four-fold: (a) Supplying physical comfort; (b) Building a social center; (c) Satisfying the intellectual hunger; (d) Meeting the spiritual need. Let me suggest a few thoughts on each of these points in order.

Supplying Physical Comfort

A few years ago, there appeared in one of our prosperous towns two alert, energetic young men, trained in the sectarian ministry, and eager to win young men from the dominant faith. Almost at a glance they measured the situation in the towns. Then they proceeded to work. Before the good citizens awoke to what was in progress these two young ministers had won the hearts of most of the young men of the town. They were good mixers and made things interesting for the boys. On Tuesday

evenings, the club rooms annexed to the Protestant church were thronged with happy contented boys; whereas the Mutual Improvement Associations in the several wards were attended by a mere handful of boys only passively concerned in the work. The program was uninteresting; there was no boys' energy or enthusiasm; the life-blood was sluggish, near to stagnant.

And what was the matter?

Over at the ministers' hall the rooms were cheerily lighted, warm and comfortable. In the ward halls, the rooms were drearily lighted, and the fire in the cold-looking, rusty stove, had not been long enough made to warm the air. At the ministers' hall the walls of the rooms were bright and clean, and attractively hung with beautiful, uplifting pictures. In the ward halls, the walls of the rooms were dark and dingy, and there were no pictures at all. At the ministers' hall, the rooms had clean floors, with now and again a rug; in the ward halls, the rooms had grimy, blackish floors, with never a sign of adornment. At the ministers' hall there were scores of clean, ennobling books placed conveniently in neat, attractive cases, inviting the hungry boy to remain and feast; in the ward halls there were also scores of books, perhaps as clean in matter and as ennobling in character, but dust-ridden and dirty, thrown in slovenly fashion upon the grimy shelves of a repellent cupboard, driving the hungry boy away from a feast that, had it been served attractively, might well have been better and richer than the one he attended. At the ministers' hall every effort was put forth to furnish physical comfort and clean attractive surroundings; in the ward halls no effort had been made to appeal to the comfort and finer sensibilities of the boy.

Fortunately, of course, this picture is not a common one. At least, I hope that there are now very few towns, or wards—I hope, in fact, that there is none—that the description above will fit. But so long as such conditions as those depicted obtain to any degree in a ward, it will be impossible for the M. I. A. to attain the ideal of efficiency. It is not because boys are inherently bad that they go to the club-room, or to the pool-room, or even to the saloon. More often it is because they find there physical comfort, and attractiveness utterly unknown to the meeting place of the M. I. A. Make that meeting place comfortable and attractive, and much of the difficulty of missionary work will be overcome. Clean up, light up, adorn the walls with beautiful pictures that will stir the soul, and you have already in part prepared the soil in which to sow the seed of faith. You are on the Lord's highway: cleanliness is next to Godliness; the step becomes easy and light following. *The efficient M. I. A. keeps its rooms clean, warm, attractively and appropriately decorated, and equipped to appeal to the in-*

terest of the boy, and to the noblest and highest ideals implanted in him.

Building a Social Center

The efficient M. I. A. is the social center of the ward in which it lives. In the work of helping it is not sufficient, of course, merely to surround the boy with bodily comforts. He is naturally a social creature. His first demand, after physical comfort, will be for recreation and social activity. The M. I. A. is the association to lead out in the social activities of the ward. True, it must operate through, or in cooperation with, the ward social committee. But no other organization can so well take the lead in matters social as can the M. I. A. Above all, the M. I. A. must satisfy the craving for recreation and social life in its members, and in doing so must further build upon the foundation of faith by keeping them under spiritual guidance. As the church club-rooms of the ambitious young ministers in the town spoken of above became the recreational and social center for the boys of the town, so the M. I. A. of each ward should become the social center of the members of the ward. "Let's go down to the Mutual rooms," takes the place in the conversation of the future of the vulgar, "Let's go down to Pete's Pool Hall." *The efficient M. I. A., warm, clean, comfortable, and attractive, makes itself a social center, where recreation, games and amusements are conducted under spiritual guidance.*

Satisfying the Intellectual Hunger

The M. I. A. is primarily an educational institution. Its chief activity consists, therefore, of teaching; its chief work, in constructing the fabric of faith. For the M. I. A. is also a religious institution. It is a part of the educational system of the Church. Its teaching, therefore, must embody the virtues that are expressive of Christian character—the virtues that are expressive of the right adjustment of the individual in his relations to God, to society, and to himself. In doing this, the M. I. A. is teaching both religion and ethics—inseparable in the Christian life—and is fulfilling the fundamental idea laid down by President Brigham Young.

Fortunately, the normal boy will not long remain content on a diet of physical comfort and recreation alone. The intellectual in him craves nourishment; and can easily be stimulated to greater activity. Hence, the efficient mutual provides for the intellectual hunger—demands of the boy. But there is, perhaps, no other form of hunger that revolts so quickly against ill-prepared food. The pupil is quick to discern the qualifications of his teacher. It follows that the efficient M. I. A. select a class-

leader who is well-informed, who prepares every lesson thoroughly, who spares no pains to learn how to develop and to present the lesson in an interesting and instructive manner, who is devoted to the work, who makes a business of it, whom the boys respect and love and who is therefore always there—dependable as the foundations of the earth. Moreover, the efficient M. I. A. selects a class-leader who adds to these qualifications spirituality—who has a profound and abiding faith in the Restoration—who sees and comprehends life through the illuminating glass of faith, and who presents the lesson work through the medium of his pure religion and Christian ethics. In short, *the efficient M. I. A. selects a class-leader who is full of faith, devoted to his work and eager to serve; who feeds the hungry intellect, holds the interest, and thrills the spiritual self of the boy.*

Meeting the Spiritual Need

The efficient M. I. A. recognizes the fact that it is something more than a mere secular institution. Were it not that the eternal truths and everlasting principles of the restored gospel of Jesus Christ form the “groundwork and leading idea” of the work of the M. I. A., it would differ little, if any, from the work of any other educational institution. But the M. I. A. has for its special mission the building of faith through the enlargement of the intellect—the inspiring of every kind of knowledge with the living principle of faith and testimony. Therefore it is that the meeting place is cleansed, and warmed, and adorned, that it may sanctify and inspire. Therefore it is that the games of recreation and the amusements are made holy by being placed under spiritual guidance. Therefore it is that the lesson-work is considered from the viewpoint of the Christian virtues—from the view point of man’s right relationship to God, to society, and to himself. It may be said that man is physical, intellectual, and spiritual; and the greatest of these is the spiritual. *The efficient M. I. A. adjusts the physical comforts, the social activities, and the intellectual labors so that there shall result the largest possible reaction in spiritual life.*

The Great Desideratum

When the M. I. A.—the successful M. I. A., we may say—has conducted an effective drive for membership, and has consistently held its members in regular and interested attendance, then comes the test of efficiency as an association in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. For it is not enough that the M. I. A. shall have a reasonably large percentage of the

ward membership in regular attendance, it is not enough that the M. I. A. rooms shall be clean and warm and attractive; it is not enough that the association shall be active—socially; it is not enough even that the class-work shall be all that might be desired; nor yet that the class-leader has endeavored to spiritualize his work. What has been the result of all this splendid effort? Do the M. I. A. members lead cleaner lives than do others? Have they adjusted themselves rightly toward society? Do they love their neighbors as themselves? Do they love God with all their might, mind and strength? Are they devoted to the upbuilding of the kingdom of God? Are they firmly founded in the faith? *The efficient M. I. A. will produce men of faith, of profound conviction, of unlimited spiritual activity, who in their devoted service in season and out of season stand as pillars of strength to the Church.*

Review

In conclusion, the ultimate aim of the Mutual Improvement Association is to ground its members in the faith, and to produce men who shall be useful in the establishment of God's kingdom.

The elements of efficiency are therefore these:

1. The efficient M. I. A. carries its mission out to the ward, and does not cease from its efforts until every member of it has been labored with, not seven times, but seventy times seven.

2. The efficient M. I. A. keeps its rooms clean, warm, attractively and appropriately decorated, and equipped to appeal to the interest of the boy and to the highest and noblest ideals implanted in him.

3. The efficient M. I. A. makes itself a social center, where recreation, games, and amusements are conducted under spiritual guidance.

4. The efficient M. I. A. selects a class leader who is full of faith, devoted to his work, and eager to serve; who feeds the hungry intellect, holds the interest, and thrills the spiritual self of the boy.

5. The efficient M. I. A. adjusts the physical comforts, the social activities, and the intellectual labors, so that there shall result the largest possible reaction in spiritual life.

6. *The test of efficiency.* The efficient M. I. A. will produce men of faith, of profound conviction, of unlimited spiritual activity, who in their devoted service in season and out of season stand as pillars of strength to the Church.

THE GATEWAY

(Continued from page 216)

A heightened color was on the girl's face, and her eyes shone with the tremulous light of a great hope. "O Grandma!" she burst out as the apples were being passed, "I could hardly wait to read it to you—I just know you'll agree with me. Angie found it in a California paper, and enclosed it in her



"How cosy you are," exclaimed Dorothy!

letter. She thinks it's just beautiful and so romantic, but she doesn't even guess who it's about."

There was hardly time for neighborly greetings, so full of her message was the excited girl.

"Didn't Tom's letter say that he had a friend—and that he couldn't tell a certain story? Well, here's the story."

Dorothy produced a short clipping and began to read. Needless to say, there was sympathetic attention.

V

Yesterday, before the state Board of Pardons, (so began the clipping) there occurred one of those rare episodes which, in spite of the low level of mankind in general, give us a glimpse into the profound depths of the human heart, and help persuade us that perhaps man—selfish, sordid man—may after all be blood and spirit kin to Him who died on Calvary.

The business of the day was nearly over, and most of those who had appeared in behalf of prisoners, had left, when a tall, dark young man arose and approached the court.

"Your honors," he began, rather brokenly, "I—I want to make a confession. It's about Rob Roy. I want to tell you that he's innocent and I'm guilty."

"Just wait a moment, young man," said Judge Howland, "and we'll get at this matter properly."

The oath was administered to him.

"Now you may continue. Tell the story from the beginning."

"My name's John O'Brien—Jack is what everybody calls me now, though when I first met Bob I was Billy Williams. That was at Reno, three years ago. We was both strapped, and rode in one night on a Pullman, him on one brake rod, me on the other.

"My friend's name?—Robert Royden, Pennsylvania. Bob used to laugh and say, 'That's my Sunday school name,' and that's the way it is on your books.

"Bob and me took to each other right from the start—we look enough alike to pass for brothers. But when he wouldn't drink or smoke, I knew I couldn't let him in to the kind of jay I was. So we got work together and roomed together for nearly six months; and honest, I never was happier in my life.

"But one day I met an old pal from New York. He told me of a layout he'd been working on for nearly a month—ten thousand in it, at least, he said.

"When I told him who I was with, he said, 'Good, stay right there, best blind in the world—especially the library and church racket, and don't feel bad about your friend; we'll take him on after awhile.'

"I'm sorry to say I fell for it; and of course it took me out of nights, and it was not long till Bob got uneasy about me, though he tried not to show it. One night we was on our way from the library—we'd walked home with Mary first—when I caught sight of Dick Wells among a crowd of saloon bums. He tipped me a wink as we passed, so I knew the police was onto us.

"Well, I made some excuse not to go upstairs, and this is what happened. When Bob turned on the light, he found two cops in the room. They looked at him a moment. 'Fits the description to a T,' said one of 'em as they slipped on the irons. 'Oh, we're on to your 'respectable' dodge, young man, and now we'll just look around a little.'

"But they didn't find anything till they came to my trunk. When they opened that, there was all the pickings we didn't dare to sell or dispose of: diamond rings, pearl necklace, three gold watches, some government bonds, and lots of other junk; and there also they found Dick Wells' fine kit of tools.

"Bob could have told 'em it wasn't his trunk but he didn't

say a word. I lit out and waited, thinking, of course, he'd clear himself—as he could easily have done; and as I wouldn't be there to be arrested, no harm would come of it. But when I got the papers of the trial and read, 'Defendant refused to plead, and also to engage counsel,' I knew Bob was taking punishment for my sake.

"Well, I was pretty badly broke up over that; so when Dick Wells said one day, 'Aw, let the duffer sweat for it!' that was the last straw. I just turned on him. 'You low-down scoundrel. You got me into this kind of a life, but you can't keep me in it. I'll give you twenty-four hours to get out of this state, or you'll go in for life, even if I have to follow you!' and you bet Dick lit out. He's in Sing Sing now.

"I didn't know what to do next. Bob was in for ten years, and I couldn't get up courage enough to swallow that pill; but when I told my story to Mary O'Donnell she made my duty pretty clear. We called at the pen next day, as Bob's brother and sister. I broke down completely, but Bob just put his arms around me, and said he wouldn't hear of me taking his place.

"'Jonathan'—he often called me that—'you've got to have your chance. What kind of chance would it be among these crooks?' He soon won Mary over, and I had to consent. 'You get a steady job, and report every little while to Mary,' says Bob, and that's how I started to make a man of myself."

At this point the fair reader stopped to wipe her eyes.

"Isn't that like Tom! I'm so *proud* of him!" Then she continued:

"The job I took up with was plumbing—Mary thought that'd be the easiest trade for me to learn"—the laugh that accompanied this bit of whimsical humor was a half sob. "And I have made good as far as that goes. How could I help it, with such a friend and such a wife!"

"You are married, then?" asked the chairman.

"Yes; Bob helped that out, too. He was at our wedding, for he's been a trusty ever since he went in; and last year he was at the christening of our little Tommie. We wanted to call him Robert, but Bob asked, as a special favor, that we call him Thomas after Bob's father. The kid thinks more of Bob than he does of his dad.

"That's about all of my story. We'd be the happiest family in the world if it wasn't for Bob being in stripes. 'Don't worry about me,' he tells us every time he calls. 'My pardon will come without my asking. Besides, I'm doing more good inside than I could out.'

"You see, Bob's the leader among a lot of young fellers in there. He's coaching 'em to straighten up so as to get par-

doned; they're all wild to enlist and so is he; but how can he, as long as that black lie stands against his name on the records?

"But there's another side to this. I can't feel that I'm quite a man till I get into Bob's shoes. My self-respect demands it; and as for Mary, you never saw a gladder woman than when I told her I was coming here.

"We've worked and saved, so that she and the kid is provided for; and now I'm ready to do what I ought to have done long ago. We want to give back Bob's good name as a Christmas gift, and a free ride home to his mother."

The few auditors left in the court room applauded as the man sat down, and the members of the Board were visibly affected. After a whispered consultation the chairman thanked Jack O'Brien for his manly confession, and said the Board would take the case under advisement. In the meantime Jack would be free to spend Christmas with his family.

VI

It is Christmas eve. A transformation—almost a transfiguration—has come to the old farm house. Eighteen inches of snow is on the ground, and the flakes, still descending, serve to weave a moving veil against the blaze of light from a score of windows.

The surrounding grove is no longer naked, but clad in filmy white, irradiated with glowing colors suspended from the trees. Even the barn has its electric bulb, revealing fresh occupants in the old stalls; and under the sheds one catches the dim outlines of sleighs, surreys, and automobiles.

For the first scout in this army of invasion, preceding even the advance guard of cooks and decorators, was Tom Wakefield III, electrician from the power house at Ogden. Then came auto-trucks loaded down with rolls of bedding; crates of apples, oranges, grapes, bananas; boxes, savory of cooked meats and pastries; baskets of table ware; and mysterious packages from Santa Claus.

Next came the organizers, a bevy of Wakefield young men and maidens, cousins from north and south and east; lastly, the family vans, loaded to the guards.

And there they all are now—the old house is bursting with them. That row of imps carrying in back-logs, are urchins who have listened to pioneer tales of blazing hearths, and are eager to see and feel the reality.

There, with hands behind and back to the blaze, stands grandpa; tall, spare, white-haired, half spiritualized, in a grove of sturdy sons and grandsons still anchored to earth. Mothers with babes in arms are seen through windows here and

there; and flitting about to comfort and help is grandma, also half-angel in contrast with daughters and granddaughters still on Eve's mission.

Nor is this home pageant visible only; one has only to shut one's eyes to hear the tide of life surge in the old house as it



"That row of imps carrying in back logs."

never did before: infants' sleepy cries, the gleeful shouts and resounding boots of youngsters; the gay banter and laugh of youths and maidens in the "he-said-then-she-said" age; the duets, trios, and quartets of those deeper in the mysterious swell of life. Later in the evening we shall hear all sing together, "O Ye Mountains High," or "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet."

But a change in the program is even now pending—a change long presaged, indeed, by savory odors from the kitchen. Two tables, made from boards resting on trestles, and surrounded by benches similarly contrived, are being set up the entire length of the parlor. The youngsters are enjoined to make room by standing up like soldiers against the wall. And there they watch the fascinating transfer of good things from the kitchen.

How their eyes shine, and what appetitizing interjections they chorus, as the miracle spreads before them on snow-white linen: twelve roasted turkeys, hot from the oven; twice twelve pyramids of apples, pears, oranges, and bananas; steaming mounds of potatoes mashed in cream; Christmas cakes galore; heaping platters of cookies; wreaths, crosses, and anchors of holly and mistletoe—but imagination must do the rest!

All at length are seated; grandpa and grandma at the head, where the three tables form a U. Before them is a bank of red and white roses, the breath of California still in their petals.

How these Christmas revelers applauded this gift to grandma—and especially the giver! For Tom is here—Tom, no longer skeptical; the strength of his father and the tenderness of his mother in his face; more handsome, more manly for that valley of tribulation.

Tom sits next to grandma on the left, and by his side is Dorothy Avery, with dewy eyes!

Nat is also here—no longer merely Nat, but fully-unfolded Nathaniel, like his namesake of old, “an Israelite without guile.” He is seated on the right side of his father, and between them is a blushing village maiden, whom want of space has not permitted hitherto to be introduced.

In front of these guests of honor sit—big and little—the rest of the Wakefield family; a typical “Mormon” family, made up of ten sons and daughters, doubled by marriage; men and women prominent in affairs, religious, civil, and industrial, with over threescore children and grandchildren.

But the time is too urgent for a roster; the banquet waits only for the venerable patriarch to rise and bless the feast and leave his benediction upon the bowed heads of his children and children’s children. Then what joy and revelry ensue! And after the tables are cleared away, what games from old England, transmitted through grandma, what Yankee tricks, through grandpa!

* * * * *

It is past midnight. Grandma and Grandpa, who took good care to save their strength during the revels, have said good night, with much throwing of kisses up and down the double rows of beds on the parlor floor; Santa Claus has performed the ticklish job of filling three score stockings and hanging them back on the big chimney.

And now those first boys and girls—the children of long ago—have tiptoed upstairs—not to disturb father and mother, whom they believe to be sleeping in mother’s room—and the big house is dark and still.

But father and mother are not sleeping; they are sitting hand in hand, trying to sense the mystery and purpose of all this life that almost overwhelms them.

“Think of it, sweetheart!” said grandma. “*Our babies* are all upstairs once more.”

Then, as if time has been rolled backward twenty—thirty—forty years, she lights the old brass candlestick, and together they ascend the stairs.

Tears bedew cheeks long bearded or wrinkled with life’s cares as grandma and grandpa smooth the pillows and kiss these “babies” asleep. Silently the old folks move from room to room, and their secret is not noised ahead.

At length they enter the boys’ room. There lies once more the dark head pillowed by the side of the fair—and both are asleep! The old folks have borne up well until now, but this sight quite overcomes them. Tears stream from their eyes, and broken sobs from grandpa awaken the sleepers.

“Why, father and mother! What is the matter?”

"Nothing, darlings," says grandma, smiling through her tears, and laying the dear heads back on the pillow. "We came to kiss our boys good-night; and—don't you see?—the Lord has been so good to us, we simply couldn't hold it all."

And then the boys wept too!

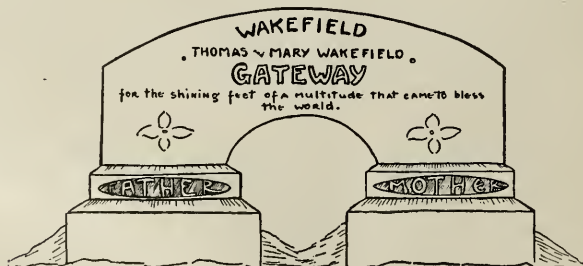
As the aged lovers knelt together that night in mother's room, they might have passed for Simeon and Anna of old; for among other inspired words in grandpa's prayer occurred this petition: "Now let thy servant and handmaiden depart, O Lord, in peace, since our eyes have beheld the glory of thy salvation, and our hearts have been filled with the peace that shall have no end."

* * * * *

Such is the simple record of the Wakefield reunion one short year ago. Great changes have since taken place. Tom, following his bent, joined the officers' school at Presidio, and is today captain of a regiment in France. Nat and six of his nephews were drafted and have also been "over there" fighting God's battles. The old house has taken on a renewed activity as Red Cross headquarters, with Dorothy and her sister war-bride in charge.

The Lord granted the prayer of grandpa and grandma; so that they were renewed to eternal life during last June, only ten days between their passing.

In the village cemetery are two marble columns; and inscribed on the arch uniting them are these words: "*Sacred to the mortal remains of Thomas and Mary Wakefield: GATEWAY for the shining feet of a multitude that came to bless the world.*"





Elder Walter H. Anderson



Elder Taylor Giles

Died in the Field

Several missionaries laboring in different fields have been recently made victims of the Spanish influenza.

In a communication from Mary Smith Ellsworth of the Northern States Mission, the *Era* is informed of the death, October 31, 1918, of *Elder Walter H. Anderson* who was born, May 31, 1897, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Anderson of Pima, Arizona. He was stricken with the Spanish influenza on Monday, and passed away on Thursday morning, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Before retiring to bed that night, he offered the evening prayer. Neither he nor any one present realized that the end was so near. He arrived in the mission field June, 1918, at the age of twenty years, and during the time he labored, he rendered exceptional service. He was six feet two inches in height and weighed 180 pounds. He was the only and a promised son of his parents, his mother, who had six daughters previously, having been given a promise by a patriarch that their home should be blessed with a son; Walter was that son. He was ordained a deacon at eleven years of age, and at fourteen, a teacher. He was president of each of his classes at High School and was exceptionally brilliant and blessed. His sister Nora had labored at Milwaukee for the past seventeen months, and was at the bedside of her brother at the time of his death. She has taken particular interest in genealogical work, having assisted the Saints in sending 955 names to the Temple since last June;

and during her entire time in the mission field sent in about 2,000 names. Nora and Elder Charles E. Standage, of Mesa, Arizona, accompanied the body of Walter home to Pima, where funeral services were held.

Elder Taylor Giles, a missionary in the Minnesota conference of the Northern States Mission, for the past nineteen months, died of influenza at the hospital in St. Paul, November 4, 1918, at 6:30 p. m. The city health physician and a private doctor attended him. He was born January 21, 1898, in Heber City, Utah, and is a son of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Giles. He arrived in the mission March 17, 1917. He was a faithful laborer, and spent all his time in the Minnesota conference. His body was sent home for burial, accompanied by his missionary companion, Elder Christensen.

Sister Margery Stevens, of Enoch, Parowan stake, Iron Co., Utah, died at the Mercy hospital, Denver, Colorado, Tuesday, November 5, 1918, of pneumonia, following an attack of influenza. She was born at Orderville, Kane county, Utah, April 4, 1894, and left for the Western States Mission, April 27, 1917. She had recently been transferred from Alamosa, Colorado, to Denver, and before leaving for Denver had been unselfishly assisting others who were sick. She is the first lady missionary to die of pneumonia, as far as we are aware. Her father left at once for Denver, and was to take the body home for burial.

Elder John Irving Huskinson, a missionary in the Southern States, died of influenza-pneumonia, after an illness of fourteen days, December 16, 1918, at Dunham, Letcher county, Kentucky, according to a wire to the First Presidency from President C. A. Callis. He was born in Salt Lake City, Aug. 9, 1896, and was the son of John W. and Mary E. Bush Huskinson, now of Sugar City, Idaho. He left for his mission, October 18, 1916.

Elder Henry Parkinson Rogers died in the New Zealand mission, November 17, 1918, of influenza-pneumonia, according to word sent by President James N. Lambert to the First Presidency. Owing to restrictions of the shipping board, the body could not be sent home.

Up to November 19, Elder Rogers' death was said to the fifth among the missionaries from the disease, and the first outside the missionary field of the United States. Elder Rogers was born January 19, 1900, at Preston, Idaho, and left for his mission February 20, 1918. He was the son of Henry T. and Esther Parkinson Rogers, of Logan, Utah.

Some years ago the late Benjamin F. Cummings was editor of *Liahona, the Elders' Journal*, and on the occasion of the death of an Elder Hanson, who had returned as far as Chicago from a mission in Holland, wrote the following poem as a con-

solation to his parents. The death of the two elders in Chicago called to the mind of Sister Ellsworth this poem, who sent it to the *Era* believing that it might be a source of comfort to the parents of those who have lost loved ones in the missionary field. We take pleasure in reproducing it, assuring all interested of our deep sympathy for parents and friends of the departed, at the same time believing that their noble mission and lives, and the cause for which they labored, are in themselves deep consolations to the bereaved. This applies not only to loved ones who have passed away in the gospel field, but also to the many who have sacrificed their lives in the military mission, fighting for the liberty of the nations.

Died in the Field

Hush, brothers! With uncovered heads bow low;

Upon a bed of death a comrade lies;

A call has come from heaven, and he must go;

An angel wants to bear him to the skies.

As duty bade, we prayed to the Most High

To spare his life, his mission to fulfil,

But he has been appointed in the field to die;

Such is our heavenly Father's holy will.

Bring forth the royal robes of shining white;

For he an angel's raiment now should wear;

Clothe his cold form with their soft folds so bright,

And gently lay it on the waiting bier.

Then to his native mountains speed the clay,

Where dwelt a soul so noble and so brave;

There to await the resurrection day,

Within a holy, consecrated grave.

A father's prayers shall sanctify that spot;

A mother's tears like jewels there shall shine;

And loved ones plant there a forget-me-not

With never-dying blooms upon its vine.

A boy in years, his fair young life he gave

That men might hear the gospel's sound and live.

He gave his life that others he might save;

What more than this could any martyr give?

A mission field far wider than this sphere,

Now claims this hero's true and faithful zeal;

Vast hosts of eager souls from him must hear

That testimony which his death did seal.

Weep if ye must, fond parents, weep and mourn;

But mingle with your grief a holy pride;

For 'tis an honor greater than a crown

To have a son die as your son has died.

Death broke no ties; your son is still your son;

And soon you'll claim him in the courts on high,

To share with him the glory he has won—

And then you'll know why he was called to die.

B. F. Cummings.

Hail, Starry Flag!

Patriotic March Song

Respectfully dedicated to the Le Grande, Oregon, Community Chorus

WORDS AND MUSIC BY L. D. EDWARDS

March movement

1. All hail the star-ry flag! The flag of lib-er-ty! Whose
2. Un-furl our glorious flag, With streamers floating high, And

The first system of musical notation is in 4/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

might and right in justice Bids the world be free. Like soldiers
let our songs of freedom Vibrate in the sky. All hail the

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

of the cross De-fend-ing righteous laws, Our Na-tion's
glorious day When strife fore'er shall cease, And all the

The third system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the second system.

he-roes fought and bled In freedom's cause. All hail the
world u-nite in ev-er-last-ing peace.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece with a final cadence in the treble and bass staves.

star - ry flag, The flag of lib - er - ty! And

long may it wave . . . When all the world is free!

long may it wave, yes, wave When all the world is free!

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first line of music ends with a double bar line. The second line of music begins with a forte (f) dynamic marking. The third line of music ends with a double bar line.




French Official Photograph. © Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

ENEMY DESERTS LOOT IN FLIGHT FROM FRANCE.

The Germans were forced to abandon huge stores of loot in their hurried flight from France. Collected by organized looting parties, great quantities of supplies were foraged from occupied French towns. This photograph shows a huge collection of books taken from the public library at Montdidier. The books were piled behind the enemy lines to be taken away, but the French advance was so rapid that their plan was thwarted.

EDITORS' TABLE



In Memoriam

Joseph Fielding Smith

1838-1918

In the passing of President Joseph F. Smith out of this world, on the morning of November 19, 1918, the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations mourn the loss of their General Superintendent for the third time since their organization in 1875 — General Superintendents Wilford Woodruff and Lorenzo Snow having preceded him into the World of Spirits, the Paradise of God.

It was in the winter of 1875 that President Smith's interest was first enlisted in our work; and after the Central Committee was organized, December, 1876, to stand at the head, he was engaged as the friendly occasional adviser of its officers. It was in the autumn of 1877, however, that this interest began to assume the constancy and ever-increasing activity that was most valuable to the success of the Association, during their formative period. It was during this period that he prepared, especially for our benefit, his intensely interesting lecture upon the Life of Joseph the Prophet, which he delivered scores of times before many thousands of our members.

By the end of 1879, about two hundred and forty associations had been organized, with nearly ten thousand members. Our growing importance, as an auxiliary organization of the Church, then seemed to demand the appointment of an official advisory authority, including one of the Twelve Apostles, then the presiding quorum of the Church. This was asked for and, because of his exceeding sympathy and abounding interest in our work, that Elder Joseph F. Smith be so selected from their number. Our request was met on the 6th of April, 1880, by the creation of the General Superintendency, and the appointment of three of the apostles, viz., Wilford Woodruff, Joseph F. Smith and Moses Thatcher to comprise it.

Although President Smith was called at the following October Conference, to be a counselor in the First Presidency of the Church, he continued as First Assistant in the General Superintendency of the Y. M. M. I. A. throughout the administrations of Presidents John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff and Lorenzo Snow. Immediately following his *own* succession to the Presidency of the Church, he became our General Superintendent, in which office he has been regularly sustained since 1901—not only sustained in it, but he has most faithfully administered its varied functions.

It thus appears that, from the first year of our organization, he has been actively associated with it as adviser and counselor, during its formative period, and as First Assistant General Superintendent, and later as General Superintendent, until his death, a period of forty-three years.

As his associate officers and members of the General Board, we are in love and duty bound to record our sorrow in his departure from among us, and our joy in the reflection of his superlative service while with us. He was the ideal officer in his place—never failing in direction, never lacking the word of counsel and encouragement that we needed. He was the friend and brother of each of us, severally, and had our unbounded confidence, admiration and love. He was so cordial in his fellowship and association with us that he was in very deed one of us. He never seemed to grow old. We never thought of him as being old.

The abiding consciousness of his comradeship is our precious heritage from him—the memory of it, an inspiration and comfort, while memory lasts—reminding us that we were the intimate companions of a veritable servant of the living God—His prophet, seer and revelator. The grandeur of his character shone among us with the deep glow of an effulgent seerstone, reflecting heights and breadths and depths of Intelligence that is the Glory of God.

And so we knew and loved him; an inspired leader, a faithful counselor, a worthy exemplar.

Blessed be his memory, forever!

Approved by the General Superintendency and members of the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A. this 9th day of December, 1918.

Christmas and New Year

The *Era* has printed a number of reminiscences of President Joseph F. Smith, as remembered by others. In the following letter, written by himself from Santa Monica, Cal., December 29, 1914, to one of his sons, President Smith gives his own experiences in his own language, which will be read with delight during the present holiday season:

My Beloved Son:—Your most refreshing and welcome letter of Christmas eve, came to my hand yesterday, and I read and re-read it with pleasure, mingled with grateful tears.

Your letter also took me back not only to the boyhood days of my own boys and girls, but also to those of my very own. From 1846 to 1848 and 9 I knew no Christmas, and no holiday; and, indeed, if we had a Christmas or a New Year celebration at all before 1846—or until after I was married, for the life of me, at this moment, I cannot remember it. I was teamster, herd-boy, plow-boy, irrigator, harvester, with scythe or cradle, wood-hauler, thresher, winnower (by the half-bushel measure or fanning-mill, later) general roustabout, and a fatherless, motherless, and almost friendless missionary, and withal, always penniless.

I say *almost friendless*. I had one true friend, a widow, frail, aged—but oh! so true! She was my never-to-be-forgotten and ever-to-be-loved and remembered Aunt Mercy R. Thompson. She, like my own precious mother, never forgot me while they lived. But in their time, they had very little, and it was a continuous struggle just to live!

Then when, after these dreary experiences, my own precious cherubs began to come along, we were existing on \$3 per day for each working day employed, and that in tithing products at high prices. Well, I cannot tell you how we managed to live at all, but we did! God must have helped us, for I did not *steal* nor defraud my neighbor. I did not owe any man, woman or child one cent, except it was my gracious Aunt Mercy who, as often as she could, slipped a favor in my way. I owed no man through all those days, and I *had* to work—I could not be idle.

Now again to the Christmas holidays: There were my three God-given mamas, and our precious chicks, but not a dollar in cash, with which to buy one thing for Christmas. I could draw a few pounds of flour, or meat, a little molasses, or something of that kind, ahead, at the general Tithing Office and pay up at the end of the month with tithing scrip, received in payment of my labor which more than often began at 6 a. m. and ended at 11 p. m., at \$3 per day in tithing pay, which was not cash.

I saw many reveling in luxuries, with means to lavish on

their every *want*, which were far more than their needs—riding in buggies, on prancing horses, enjoying their leisure, while *I—we all!* were on foot and of necessity tugging away with all our mights to keep soul and body together. Under these spiritless conditions, one day just before Christmas, I left the old home with feelings I cannot describe. I wanted to do something for my chicks. I wanted something to please them, and to mark the Christmas day from all other days—but not a cent to do it with! I walked up and down Main Street, looking into the shop windows—into Amussen's jewelry store, into every store—everywhere—and then slunk out of sight of humanity and sat down and wept like a child, until my poured-out grief relieved my aching heart; and after awhile returned home, as empty as when I left, and played with my children, grateful and happy only for them and their beloved mothers.

After these trials, my pathway became more smooth. I began to pick up; by hard work, rigid economy, self-denial, and the love of God, I prospered. Little openings were presented, and I improved them. And now we can almost live like white folks. Oh! let God be praised. I bless you, my son, and all of you. May the Lord God bless my sons.

Joseph F. Smith.

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A. Reorganized

At a meeting of the general authorities of the Church, at the Temple, in Salt Lake City, November 27, 1918, a number of changes were effected in some of the Church auxiliary organizations.

President Anthon H. Lund was selected and set apart as president of the Salt Lake Temple. He was formerly assistant to the late President Joseph F. Smith.

Elder David O. McKay was chosen and set apart as superintendent of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, with Elder Stephen L. Richards, first, and Elder George D. Pyper, second, assistant. Elders McKay and Richards were formerly counselors to the late President Joseph F. Smith, and Elder Pyper was general secretary in this organization.

Elder Anthony W. Ivins was chosen and set apart as General Superintendent Y. M. M. I. A., with Elder Brigham H. Roberts, first, and Elder Richard R. Lyman, second, assistant. Elder Ivins thus succeeds the late President Joseph F. Smith in this organization, and Elder Roberts is made the first assistant, succeeding President Heber J. Grant, who had been chosen President of the Church, while Elder Lyman succeeds Elder Roberts as second assistant.

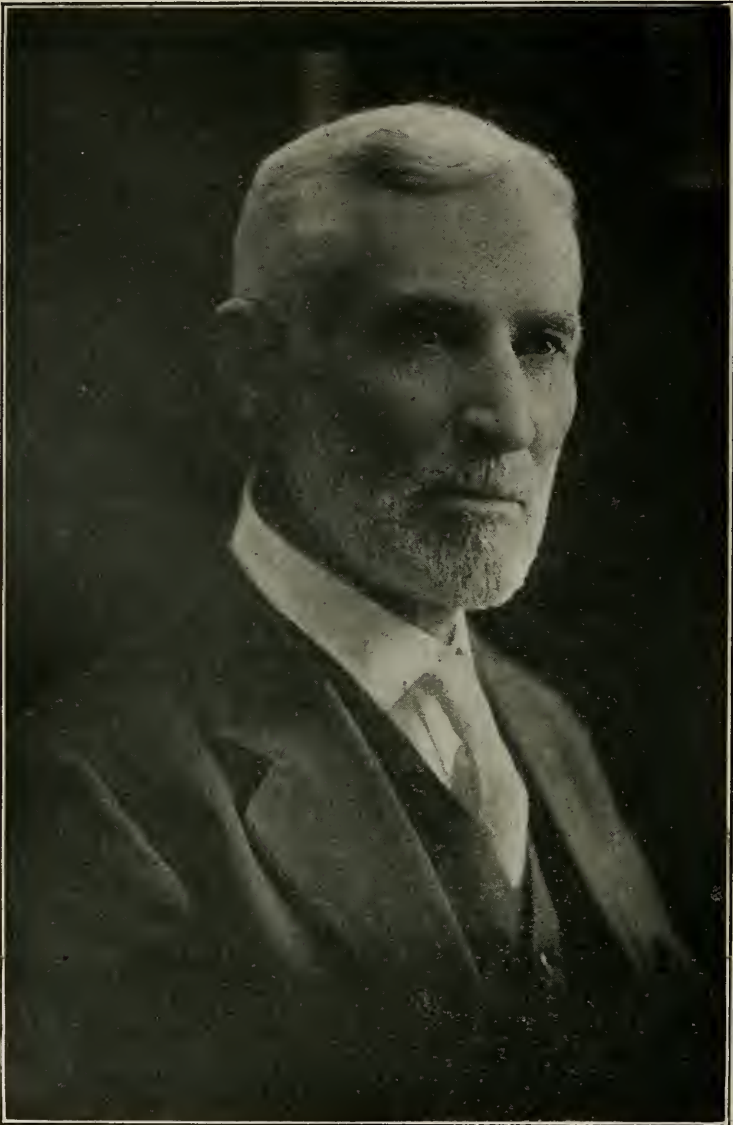


Photo by H. H. Thomas Studio

ELDER ANTHONY W. IVINS

General Superintendent Y. M. M. I. A. Born, New Jersey, Sept. 16, 1852; came to Utah in 1853; ordained an Apostle, October 6, 1907; chosen and set apart as General Superintendent Y. M. M. I. A., Nov. 27, 1918.

Anthony W. Ivins

Our new superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. is not a stranger to the young people of Zion. For some time he has occupied the position of national committeeman of the M. I. A. Scouts of the Boy Scouts of America. He was chosen and ordained a member of the Council of Twelve Apostles on October 6, 1907, and a member of the General Board Y. M. M. I. A. January 13, 1909, and since that time has visited practically every stake of Zion.

He was born September 16, 1852, at Toms River, Ocean county, New Jersey, and is the son of Israel Ivins and Anna Lowrie. With his parents he came to Utah, in 1853, being practically, therefore, a native of the West and certainly one of the pioneers of Utah and the Great Southwest, a scout, a frontiersman, beloved and widely known in every part of the country, both among the early pioneers and the Indian tribes.

In 1861, his parents settled in southern Utah, and he, therefore, became one of the first settlers of St. George. He was married in 1878, to Elizabeth Ashby Snow, daughter of Apostle Erastus and Elizabeth R. Snow.

In company with a number of well known pioneers, including Dan W. Jones, Helaman Pratt, Ammon M. Tenney and others, he performed a mission to Mexico, in 1875, going as far south as the city of Chihuahua, west to the Sierra Madre Mountains, thence north through the section of country in which the colonies of the Latter-day Saints were later founded. They also explored the Salt River Valley and the Little Colorado River country, in Arizona, where Latter-day Saint colonies were later established.

In 1878, Elder Ivins performed a mission among the Navajo and Pueblo Indians in Arizona and New Mexico, winning their abiding confidence and respect. On this mission he was accompanied by Erastus B. Snow.

Returning to St. George, he was chosen president of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the Fourth ward, and later of all the wards consolidated, and then stake superintendent. He served as a member of the High Council at St. George, being chosen to that position in 1881. Later, in 1888, he was made the counselor to President Daniel D. McArthur in that stake, which position he occupied until 1895.

On December 9, of that year, he was chosen president of the Juarez stake, in Mexico, removing to that country and being a leading spirit in the establishment of the colonies of the Latter-day Saints in that land. Ever since that time, under all the difficulties through which the Mexican Saints have passed, he

has been their close friend and adviser, taking a live interest in their welfare under every condition. In that country he established, and for a number of years was general manager of, the Mexican Colonization and Agricultural Company.

He is one of the people, and has been an indefatigable worker for the Church, and particularly for the members of the Church, wherever he has resided. Perhaps no other man in the Council of Twelve Apostles has been so near the people—young and old—as Elder Ivins.

He loves animals, and is especially an admirer of horses. He delights in clean, square sport, takes unbounded pleasure in hunting, fishing, and games, and the thousand glories of God's great out-of-doors.

He has occupied civil and political offices from precinct constable to city and county prosecuting attorney in St. George, as well as assessor and collector of the county. He acted also as sheriff of Washington county, and, in 1894, was a member of the Territorial legislature, and the following year, a member of the Utah State Constitutional Convention, in which his experience among the people and his practical intelligence were great aids in the formation of our present state constitution.

His experience with the Red men is extensive. He has their complete confidence. He secured the first appropriation for the benefit of the Shebit Indians, and was later appointed Government Indian Agent for them, acting for two years.

His experience as a rancher and pioneer extended over a period of many years in southern Utah and northern Arizona, and the readers of the *Era* are not unfamiliar with his very interesting stories that have appeared from time to time under the head, "Traveling Over Forgotten Trails"—articles that are brimming full of human interest, and illustrate with deep feeling the difficulties, incidents and trials of the pioneers who opened southern Utah and northern Arizona to civilization.

As a public speaker, Elder Ivins is among the best in the Church. His sermons are always full of careful thought, and overflowing with the spirit of love, testimony of the gospel, and consideration, sympathy and help for the people. He is safe and sound in doctrine, and full of love for God's great Latter-day work.

His life has been one of hardship, toil, and pioneer struggle, which has made him appear stern on the surface, but underneath the crust of seeming austerity there beats in the bosom of Anthony W. Ivins one of the biggest, best, most sympathetic and noble hearts that has ever throbbed in the breast of man. When the boys become acquainted with him, they cannot help but love and respect him.

His life of rich experiences comes as a great and welcome

contribution to the Y. M. M. I. A. Under his leadership, aided by his able assistants, our organization will move forward with increased impetus to its goals of achievement.—A.

Messages from the Missions

Greetings from England

Elder Oriol L. Anderson, conference president, Norwich Conference, England, writes under date of November 13, 1918: "The *Era* is very much appreciated by the elders, Saints and friends of this conference. Through the honorable secretary it has been placed in the Y. M. C. A., where thousands of soldiers have had free access to it. The people are overjoyed with the recent happenings and are very thankful that the great world conflict has ceased. We are anxiously looking forward to the arrival of elders from Zion to assist in the now necessary reorganization and carrying on of the work in greater force. We feel that the Lord is very merciful in granting us health, while sickness and disease surround us on every hand. Through the pages of the *Era* we send greetings to our fellow workers in every part of the Master's vineyard."

Era Adds Force and Efficiency to Mission Work

C. H. Tingey, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, writes, August 2: "I have recently had the privilege of visiting the most remote branch of the Church in this mission, composed of staunch, active, God-fearing Saints, despite their one thousand miles of separation from the next nearest branch. They are subscribers to the *Era*, and requested me to notify your office that due to the time required in corresponding at such distance regarding renewals of subscriptions, you automatically place all renewals without further notice and forward statement to them. The *Era* is a welcome guest in the homes of the Saints and our friends in this land. So also are the publications by the other auxiliary organizations, all of which add force and efficiency to the Church missionary system throughout the world. Hoping and praying for the continued success of the *Improvement Era*, 'the little shot-gun,' I am your brother, C. H. Tingey."

A Remarkable Convert

Elder Arthur D. Taylor, Secretary of the Australian Mission, writes, May 28, in regard to Brother Augustus G. H. Graham, a remarkable old gentleman now in his seventy-seventh year, and who is an ardent lover of freedom, for which and peace he has fought the greater part of his life. Elder Taylor gives the following items from the history of this wonderful life which has finally sought peace in the Rock of Refuge:

"This is a snapshot of Augustus G. H. Graham standing by myself. He is a most remarkable old gentleman, now at the ripe age of seventy-seven. He has been an ardent lover of freedom, and has fought to establish truth and peace the greater part of his life. The following from his history may prove interesting to you. Born in France, 1841. His recollections as a child was the French Revolution of 1848, when he saw the streets of Paris running with blood. He was taken to England, where he lived with his Uncle George Cottam. He grew restless at the age of eighteen, and joined the British army. At twenty his regiment was sent from Kingstown, Ireland,

to Canada, where he went over the ground where General Wolf and his troops took their stand on the Heights of Abraham. The Civil War had been on for two years, and he and his mate crossed Lake Ontario at great risk. He was in New York only forty-eight hours before he enlisted in the Forty-first New York State Volunteers. Two months later he was on the firing line. He was at most of the historic places of the Civil War and fought in some of the battles. In 1870 he enlisted in the United States navy and cruised under the Stars and Stripes to the South American republics and many African ports. Receiving an honorable discharge from Uncle Sam, and with a desire to see mother and friends, he set sail for England. To his disappointment, he was told by friends in England that his people had left some time previously for Australia. He followed them, and finally found them in this city, which has been his home ever since. His mother



died, reverses came in business, old age and discouragement came upon him, and he was living in an attic of one of the boarding-houses in my district when I delivered him a tract. He answered the door, and when I looked down upon the gray-bearded old gentleman, the most peculiar feeling I ever experienced in the mission field came over me and told me to take an interest in him. He was discouraged and had nothing to hope or live for, but said that he was praying and trying to prepare himself to meet his Maker. I instructed him in the gospel for seven months, when he applied for baptism, and from that day to this he has been a happy man. He says he has done the will of the Lord, and he knows that he belongs to the true Church of Christ, and is not afraid now to take his journey to the Great Beyond.

He has a wonderful memory and bears testimony that the American

continent is truly the land of Zion, and his eyes fairly twinkle with joy when he talks about Uncle Sam.

"He came from good parentage, his great grandfather, Sir Reginald Graham being knighted by Charles I, King of England, for valiant service. The *Era* is one of his best friends and has been a great aid in teaching him the gospel.

"The elders throughout the mission are all well. The record number of baptisms thus far this year is proof of the splendid effort put forth by them. One sister, a member of the Re-organized Church for seventeen years, was baptized on the 6th of April, accepting, as she stated, the "true authority."

"Elder William C. Heckmann, who for nineteen months has faithfully labored as mission secretary, was released from his office labors on April 25, and has resumed his work in the Victorian conference at Melbourne. Elder Arthur D. Taylor was appointed to fill the vacancy. The Lord is blessing the Australian mission. May he grant strength unto the Latter-day Saints to live good wholesome lives, in these times of peril, that we may literally become an ensign to the world, that by seeing our good works, people may be led to glorify our Father in heaven."



MUTUAL WORK

Efficiency Reports

Conditions still remain unfavorable to the opening of our Mutual Improvement organizations throughout the Church. We have received reports from a number of the stakes, including Kanab, Boise, Tintic, Moapa and Pocatello. Kanab has 10 on the Era, which means the full quota, and other stakes have done well in soliciting subscriptions by telephone, by letter and in other ways. It is suggested that this means also be employed in the matter of obtaining the Fund, so that we may have sufficient means when the associations do open, and public gatherings are permitted, to prosecute our work successfully.

M. I. A. Activities

Attention officers! Owing to the shortening of the season, because of the influenza quarantine, the Joint Activities Committee of the General Boards, makes the following new ruling: That in stakes where meetings begin in January, recognition be given by stake boards to wards when the wards have earned the required points in activities for *two* of the remaining months; that where health conditions prevent the beginning of the work until February, recognition be given for necessary points scored during *one* month. This recognition may be made by the awarding of the pennant, or in any other form the stake desires. All points scored in any event, including reading course, and War Savings Stamps, prior to date of opening, may be credited on the report of the opening month. For rule on scoring of points, see convention circulars, 1918.

"Our Kind of Vocational Guidance"

The Mutual Improvement Associations have had a department of vocation and industry, organized by the General Board in the summer of 1912. We have some two hundred vocation counselors, but should have at least eight hundred, one in each ward of the Church. This work is new, not only among the organizations of our Church, but in our country. During the past six years considerable effort has been put forth by the vocational committee, and while the headway has not been as satisfactory as one might expect, it is still quite encouraging to the workers. The importance of vocational guidance none will deny, but some are skeptical and therefore do not engage in the work earnestly.

Melvin Wilson, superintendent of the Nebo stake, who took a summer course in vocational guidance in connection with his educational labors at the University of Chicago, the past summer, was asked by his professor to give a thesis on what was being done by the Y. M. M. I. A. in this line, and how it was being done, the whole to be a contribution to the general work in this growing field. Professor Wilson was asked to write a term paper on the subject, and hence sought what information he could obtain from the vocational guidance committee of the Y. M. M. I. A. This was gladly furnished, and in acknowledging the receipt of this literature he wrote:

"I am preparing my paper on *The Church as a Factor in Vocational Guidance*. The more I get into the work of what we are doing in this field

and what has been done in the United States, I do not think that our work was equaled elsewhere. Nowhere outside of Boston has anything been attempted on as large a scale as we were doing it, and in numbers reached, of course, not even there. In the light of the course I am taking with Dr. Leavitt of Pittsburg, one of the pioneers in the field, I am much more in sympathy with our kind of vocational guidance than I have been before. In fact, I have been skeptical of it before, but now that I see the theory of it, I can go at it with much more earnestness. I shall present the subject to the best of my ability, and with pleasure to the doctor as a contribution to this growing field."

Seven Suggestions on What Y. M. M. I. A. Officers Can Do Now

1. By telephone or letter, officers and members may be encouraged to buy and read the books of the reading course. *The Voice of Warning* especially should be read by all. It is interesting, and very profitable, reading during these days of sickness and sorrow.

2. Our manuals, both junior and senior, and also the advanced senior lessons in the *Improvement Era*, could be read and studied by members of the association. A complete reading of the manuals will not only assist the members in making a good record, but will also strengthen the class work.

3. Leading officers should check on organization. Where any vacancies have occurred, they should be filled, so that our work will not receive any further delay.

4. Have interesting programs prepared and class teachers ready. When health conditions permit, take up the work at once where you left it. With united, energetic effort we will accomplish much before the season of our summer work begins.

5. Write us and let the General Office know how we may best serve you. It appears now that we may be able to resume our work during January, February and March. Let us go at our duties with spirit, and a determination to accomplish the greatest amount of work during this remaining part of the season.

6. Salt Lake stake is nearly "over the top" on canvass for the *Improvement Era*. Are you? They have had sickness, but with careful, persistent following up, the work has been accomplished, and many homes are now enjoying this Church magazine with its inspiration and blessing.

7. Definite, up-to-the-minute plans should be perfected for the obtaining of 100 per cent General Fund. Is your ward ready? Is your stake ready? Will your contributions be among the first to reach the general office? We must not fail to give our organization the necessary financial support. The help each ward gives makes possible the great work of the Y. M. M. I. A. We are depending upon you to perform your part.

During the long period of quarantine, members of the General Board have been perfecting plans for a bigger and better Y. M. M. I. A. There is a great mission before us. This is the Lord's work, but let each man do his part well, and the Lord will then bless and help us.

Oscar A. Kirkham, Field Secretary.

A Special Time of Fasting and Prayer

By the Latter-day Saints, as families in their respective homes, was designated by the First Presidency for Sunday afternoon, Dec. 22, 1918, "for the arrest and speedy suppression by Divine power of the desolating scourge that is passing over the earth." During the month many were afflicted, and death claimed an unusual number of the people.



The trans-Atlantic cables were taken over by the U. S. Government on December 1, against the protest of the cable companies.

Official German and Turkish statistics give the number of Armenians deported from their homes as 3,094,350, of whom 1,054,550 were later murdered.

Demobilization of the American Army, in the home cantonments, went on apace during December. Large numbers of soldiers were dismissed and returned to their homes.

*The first returning American troops landed in New York on the *Mauretania* on December 1st. They numbered 4,069, the majority being members of the Aero squadron. On the 16th, 9,000 returning soldiers landed in New York, from the *Leviathan*.*

Relations between Chile and Peru were greatly strained during November and early December, the trouble being the demand of Peru on Chile to return the provinces Tacna and Arica which Chile took after the war of 1879, and which the Peruvians say have always wanted to be restored to their own country.

American Army casualties up to Dec. 1, 1918, show a total of 262,693 exclusive of prisoners. It is semi-officially stated that the total number of deaths in the armies of the nations during the war approximate ten millions. In the twelve leading nations involved there were 58,514,700 men in arms, and a total of casualties of 24,536,108.

The extradition of the former Kaiser from Holland was seriously considered by the allied governments. On December 16 it was reported that Mr. William Hohenzollern, former German Autocrat, had refused to leave Holland, notwithstanding it had been officially called to his attention that his continued presence was likely to involve the country in serious difficulties.

*Bryon F. Crookston, 3rd Detachment, 10th Engineers, "Forest" American Expeditionary Forces, France, writes from France, October 12, renewing his subscription for the *Era*, and says, "I enjoy the magazine a great deal and read it from cover to cover. A short time ago I had the pleasure of hearing Chaplain B. H. Roberts preach in Sunday School, at the Camp of the Utah Artillery. I was lucky enough to get a chance to go there and visit my brothers and friends. I met many of the boys from home that I had not seen since I joined the army. It was like going home. I have been down here in the timber for almost a year."*

*Stephen C. Marchant, writing from St. Mal, France, member of the 3rd Company, 20th Engineers Forestry) A. E. F., says to a friend in this city, among other things, "Conditions are changed here somewhat. The French people were wondering some months ago if they could hold out until the Americans could come. Now the question is: 'How long can the Huns hold out?'" His letter was dated November 1, and the answer to this question came ten days later. He says, further: "I send you our paper, *Jusqua Bout*. I hope you will appreciate it, because it is edited by one of our boys from Utah. Mr. Robert Major, of Ogden, Utah. He and I are*

the only Utah boys in the company, so you see we are interested in each other; but say, we have some fine boys with us from other states."

Justice Wm. M. McCarty, of the Supreme Court of Utah, died at his home in Salt Lake City, December 19, 1918, of pneumonia. He was born May 15, 1859, at Alpine, Utah, and was the son of James Hardwick McCarty, of Kentucky, who came from Indiana to Utah, in 1854; his mother was Lydia Margaret Cragun-McCarty, who was born at Nauvoo, and came to Utah in 1852. Judge McCarty received his education in the public schools of Utah, and in the Brigham Young Academy in 1881-2. He studied law first while freighting between Utah points and the Nevada mines, began the practice of law early and had been on the supreme bench since 1902, and had twice served two-year periods as chief justice and was about to enter upon his third term. Before being elected to the supreme court bench, he served as judge of the Sixth judicial district at Richfield. His wife, Lovina Murray McCarty, and four children survive him.

President Woodrow Wilson sailed for France December 4, on the United States steamship, *George Washington*, which bore the presidential party. As the ship steamed from its pier, there was a rousing farewell from both shores of the North River which were lined solid with cheering humanity, a striking testimony to a great man by a nation whose safety rests in his hands. By wireless, he kept in communication with Washington on the trip over. He arrived in Brest on the afternoon of December 13, amid a demonstration of popular enthusiasm. He made his entrance into Paris at 10:15 a. m. on the 14th, being greeted with a salvo of artillery in salute. The city made a vast fete of the President's coming. President and Madame Poincare gave a dinner at the Palace de la Elysee in honor of President and Mrs. Wilson. President Wilson attended church twice on Sunday 15th, visited the tomb of LaFayette, placing on it a wreath, bowing his head as he did so, standing in silence with no speech whatsoever. France generally recognizes that the coming of our American president is to hasten the dawn of final peace. He will perhaps not sit in the peace council himself, but his presence in the land will have its effect for good. The delegation who will represent America in the peace settlement, are Secretary Lansing, Col. House, General Tasker H. Bliss, and Mr. Henry White.

Germany's surrendered Navy—the high seas fleet—"crept meekly into custody" of the Allied grand fleet, on November 21, 1918, "out of the mist" at 9:30 o'clock, thirty miles east of May Island, off the coast of Scotland, whence the ships were conveyed to the Firth of Forth. No nation of such proud rank has suffered such humiliation, we read in the *Literary Digest*, as this defeat at a "bloodless Trafalgar," when the British fleet, accompanied by units of the French and American navies, occupying a stretch of water forty miles long and six wide, received the submission of thirteen German battleships and battle-cruisers, six light cruisers and fifty destroyers, manned by 14,000 officers and men, under Admiral Meurer. "*Der Tag*" is here, we read, "and this day there lies in the Firth of Forth, 224,151 tons of German battleships, 121,800 tons of German battle-cruisers, and 18,000 tons of German light cruisers—in all, 364,751 tons of the finest ships of what was once the Germany Navy, the pride of the Kaiser. It is not expected that Germany will recover her surrendered ships, her colonies in all parts of the world are gone, her foreign trade is only a memory, and her merchant marine is no more than a nucleus." The great naval and commercial fabric, raised with vast expenditure of gold and toil, "lies prostrate and dismantled." *The New York Times* is quoted as saying, "regarded merely as a spectacle of arrogant ambition brought low, the fall of the German Navy from its great eminence is a national tragedy for which no parallel can be found in history."

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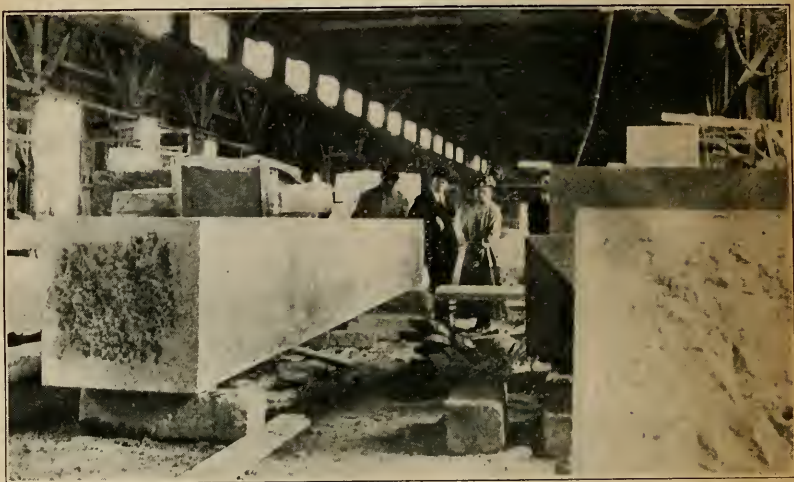
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